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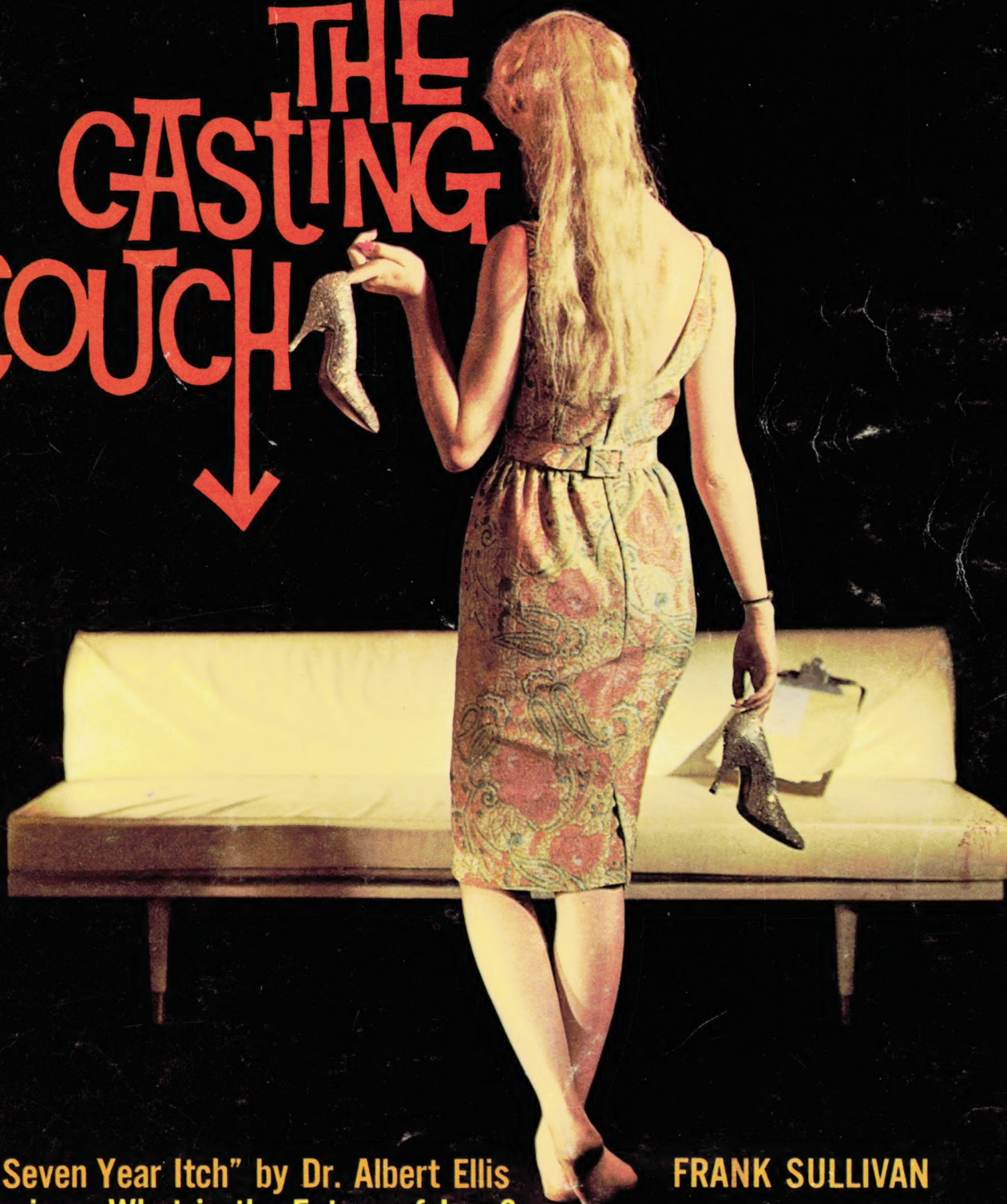
1962
DUDE

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The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE CASTING COUCH



"The Seven Year Itch" by Dr. Albert Ellis
Symposium: What is the Future of Jazz?
Fashion: On The Beach!
Lenny Bruce: Life, Love or Death?

FRANK SULLIVAN
BRUCE FRIEDMAN
JACK SHARKEY



THE 7 YEAR ITCH

may be fact—or it may be fancy.
You'll find out inside. And while
you're counting, don't miss:
"Love for SIX Broccolis"—or eight
nights of amour on a supermarket floor
FIVE of the wildest variations on
"The Casting Couch" imaginable
FOUR top jazz A&R men—John
Hammond, George Avakian, Esmond
Edwards, Nesuhi Ertegün—ripping

THE DUDE

*The
magazine
devoted
to
pleasure*

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THE DUDE





SOUND ON

As the days get longer and the temperature drops more and more perceptibly, music buffs have that much more reason to be thankful for Victor's recently revived policy of torrid swing and jazz reissues from 'way back when. Among the best is a collection of Lionel Hampton's "Great Jazz Sessions of the '30s and '40s," called, with simple but accurate dignity, *Swing Classics* (LPM 2318). Hamp's amazing versatility—on vibes, drums, piano—are all captured here with excellent fidelity, as are the talents of erstwhile giants such as Nat Cole, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams, Buster Bailey, "Diz," Joe Sullivan and Zutty Singleton. Notable treasure in this "vault" include "On The Sunny Side of the Street," on which Bailey and Hodges performed unforgettably, "Confessing" and "Central Avenue Breakdown."

From the same series comes *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (LPM-2398), true to its title, and an excellent history of the rise of bop. The record is divided into two basic sections, big and little band, and among the former are "Cubana Be" and "Cubana Bop," while the small group pieces include "Night in Tunisia" and "Ol' Man Rebo." The reproduction here, as in the other records sampled from this series, is quite good.

Kapp Records has once again unleashed its far from secret weapon (for which we all should be more than thankful), trumpet virtuoso Roger Voisin. Mr. Voisin, who blows the number one horn for The Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been featured on several records exemplifying brass music from various periods in history. This time he collaborates with the Kapp Sinfonietta (Emanuel Vardi) to do pieces from the rich-in-brass Baroque era. Fanfares, sonatas and *sinfonias* are here in abundance, and they come from the pens of Purcell, Lully, Fischer, Monteverdi, and others—in all, a representative selection of Europe's best early Baroque composers. Mr. Voisin's handling of these highly ornamented pieces is, as usual,

brilliant. The name of the record is *Trumpet Music* (KCL-9062).

The only lady who can make sacred music sound like blues, yet without debasing it, is Mahalia Jackson, and she has added another release to her swelling catalogue (*Everytime I Feel The Spirit*, Columbia CS 8443 stereo). Miss Jackson has evidently felt the spirit a little more strongly than on many recent occasions, for on this recording several of the tunes really jump. Frequently her sincerely religious turn of mind seems to assume that her listeners are also "with" the message. But this time around she assumes none of this and really brings the music across.

Bill Barron, according to the notes on his latest release (*The Tenor Stylings of Bill Barron*, Savoy MG 12160) is blazing trails in a jazz "middle way," a sort of compromise between extreme cool and old school. Barron's tenor tones are indeed listenable, as are the collaborations of the balance of the quintet, Ted Curson, trumpet, Jimmy Garrison, bass, Kenny Barron, piano, and Frankie Dunlop, drums. Very few compromises are as acceptable as this one.

Van Cliburn has made his fourth major recording for RCA Victor, this one the *Emperor Concerto* of Beethoven (LM/LSC-2562). Any resentment that might be built up against Cliburn, for the whirlwind publicity he's been accorded, is easily melted when listening to the verve and technical competence with which he handles the masters. Speaking of those, master conductor Friz Reiner conducts the Chicago Symphony on this disc—in marvelous fashion.

Blue Note continues to turn out jazz in the way out genre, this month with three better than average releases. On *Doin' Allright* (4077) Dexter Gordon's tenor sax leads a quintet comprising Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, Horace Parlan, piano, George Tucker, bass, and Al Harewood, drums. Art Blakey and his excellent Jazz Messengers (Lee Mor-

gan, trumpet, Wayne Shorter, tenor sax, Bobby Timmons, piano, and Jymie Merritt, bass) *Meet You At the Jazz Corner of the World* (4054-vol. 1-4055, vol. 2) . . . And Donald Byrd and his trumpet lead a group (Pepper Adams, baritone sax, Duke Pearson, piano, Laymon Jackson, bass, Lex Humphries, drums) at the Half Note Cafe in *Jazz at The Waterfront*. Don't buy any of these unless you've got the time to *listen*—this is jazz at its most intricate. . .

On the other hand, some light and diverting Mozart is presented by Telefunken (TC 8045) on a new release. The Munich Bach-Orchestra (Karl Richter, conductor) does a nice job on three concerti for flute, lute, and flute and harp.

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem (Columbia CS 8448 stereo), a group of uninhibited Irish minstrels, have come a long way since their last recording. Perhaps the fact that they have been taped live, and have the benefit of Pete Seeger (banjo) and Bruce Langhorne (guitar) backing them up makes the difference. In any case, this shellac is etched with vitality and spontaneity.

The Trumpet of Jack Sheldon is heard on Reprise's newest offering, "A Jazz Profile of Ray Charles" (R-2004). This is blowing at its mel-lowest, with Sheldon smoothly handling every variety of muted (and quietly open) horn conceivable. Some of the old favorites presented here are "Basin Street Blues," "Cherry," "'Deed I Do," and "Georgia On My Mind."

And softest of all is a new Kapp recording of Debussy's *Images* (KCL 9061), played exquisitely by Daniel Ericourt (piano). M. Debussy's impressions include oriental pagodas, gardens in the rain and moonlight in a deserted temple. What more could you ask?—except for the impressionist composer's *Estampes*, *Berceuse Heroique* and *D'un Cahier D'Esquisses*, all included on this disc.





PUB-LICLY YOURS

By Phil
Strassberg

Remember Guinevere (*Dude*, May 1961), who skipped around Los Angeles and Seattle, Washington, with me while I toured several tantalizing Towers of Taste? Well, I just received a New Year's card from her. A little early, perhaps, but then Guinevere has never been a time-waster—no matter what she does.

It was good hearing from her and it reminded me that I must mount my trusty dragon one of these days and fire away for the West Coast—to visit some dining establishments and re-establish my knightly rights (or is it nightly rites?) with this swinging lady.

Guinevere scratched out some poignant verbiage with her blood-red pen and made my Pacemaking corpuscles pulsate with remembrance. But the part which stands out in her bon mot has nothing to do with amour. Her next-to-last paragraph, which is flameless and quotable, goes like this:

"Daddy, aside from the above, everything is real swinging here in the Hollywoods. Unfortunately, I can't make it East to make it with you to some of those real *gemutliche* places you used to take me to. You know—those spots on the Upper East Side where they do the candlelight bit, the strolling violins bit and the gypsy music bit. Yeah, man. That's real *gemutliche*."

The reason that paragraph stands out is that I've never seen Guinevere anywhere except on the West Coast! (Either she has an extremely vivid imagination or she knows other men. Oh, well.)

Anyway, it got me to thinking. What Guinevere says is true. Those spots on the Upper East Side of New York City are real *gemutliche*. And it reminded me that I owed it to myself as well as Pacemaking *Dude* readers to pop up to these Mittel Europa dens for a much-delayed visit.

This area in the upper 70s and lower 80s of Manhattan (that's streets, not years), incidentally, has been dubbed by a wit who shall remain nameless as "The Viol-Inn Circuit." It's not a bad pun as puns go but it fails to describe adequately these continental parlors.

It's more than the violins, candlelight, sauerbraten, songs and continental flavor. It's a way of life of which Americans are not truly cognizant—whether or not they have traveled through Europe. It's a feeling of conviviality, joviality and—and—here comes that word again—*gemutliche*.

If there are those among the *Dude* gentry who do not understand the meaning, I believe it's a Germanic word which signifies a most pleasing, relaxing, comfortable, homey atmosphere. If I haven't described it properly, it's only because I don't have a foreign language dictionary to delve into.

One of these places—and there are quite a few—is the Grinzing Cafe, 323 E. 79th St., which is in operation for twenty-seven years. Irma and Eric Rosen, the current proprietors, have been at the helm for eleven years and a mural on one wall bears out Rosen's motto: *Ich Muss Wieder Einmal in Grinzing Sein*. English translation: "I want to be back in Grinzing again."

But Grinzing Cafe visitors are there. "There" meaning Grinzing, a Viennese suburb from which the menu is derived. Such delights, for instance, as Paprika Chicken with Nockerl, Schnitzel a la Holstein, Sauerbraten, Wiener Schnitzel, Wiener Backhun, Beef Stroganoff and Szekely Goulash a la Grinzing.

Suffice to say that the Austrian cuisine is superb. Prices are modest, too. (Most dinners are in the \$4.75 category.) And there is no minimum or cover charge.

Chef Guntram Bayard picked up his craft in Germany and on the liner *United States*.

After the food, you still have the candlelight and the *gemutliche* (there's that word again) show to sway Special One. There's music maestro Bela Villanyi and he's quite an interesting man.

Villanyi has come of age with the place—twenty-one years at the same old violin stand. He figures he's walked approximately 8,000 miles in his fiddle-strolling. So last week,

(turn to page 43)

IN YOUR HAT



Anybody who considers the practice of gift-giving a good and desirable concomitant of the coming holidays is probably in need of a gift certificate—for thirty or more hours with a head shrinker.

But even bad habits have a tendency to become unconsciously engrained—and thus unquestioned—and I found myself, with this issue, wrapping up what I consider an unusually nice gift package for readers of *The Dude*.

For the first time, Dr. Albert Ellis, author of *Sex Without Guilt*, *The Art and Science of Love* and a new paperback called *The Folklore of Sex* (with extensive quotations from *The Dude*) appears in these august pages—with an incisive analysis of the so-called "Seven Year Itch." If you're married, test yourself against some of Dr. Ellis' standards. If you're not, read it for kicks.

Bruce Friedman, whose work appears in many of the top literary journals of the land, is also appearing for the first time in this magazine ("Love for Six Broccolis"). See what happens when a really fine craftsman conceives an impossible idea—and tackles it successfully—just for fun. . .



Speaking of gifts, one of the best to which you can treat yourself is a look-see at silken-voiced Toni Arden when she opens at Basin Street East for the Christmas holidays. She'll be introducing tunes from Don Elliott's forthcoming musical, *Vanity Fair*. Toni is seen above, preparing to break bread at Joe Sardi's new west side eatery, Cinta II. Incidentally, if you want to sample some really exquisite northern Italian cuisine—like Veal Parmesan with lemon—drop by and tell Joe it's cold outside. His hospitality should keep you warm until the next issue of *The Dude*, which, watch for n.1.



queen's corner



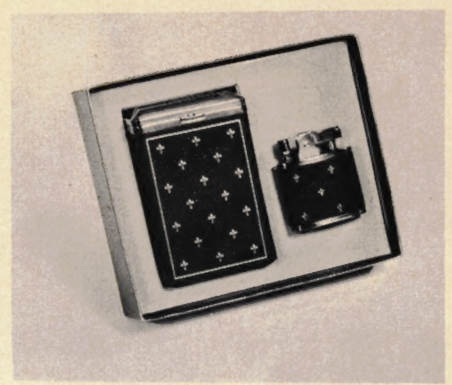
pigskin pipes

Smoking a pipe gives a man a special look, but smoking a pipe covered with pigskin gives him an extra-special look. Just the kind of tasteful prop a Dude needs. The pipes are imported from France, and the bowl is good grain wood, so you can't go wrong from the functional standpoint either\$5.95 each



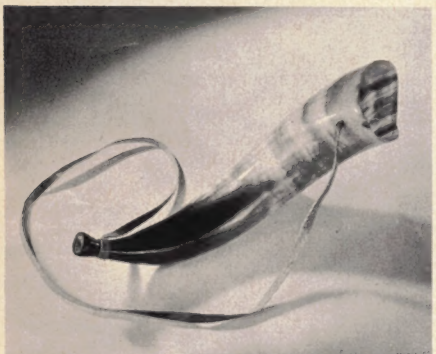
fancy flask

A drink from a fine-looking leather covered bottle like this one will taste all the better for it. This new bottle will hold one pint of old, or new, wine. The leather is hand-worked with designs hand-painted thereon. A perfect adjunct to a graceful proposal that you and she sample the potables\$7.95



the case for the ladies

For the lily-white creature you want to please, what could be better than this attractive cigarette case and lighter, adorned with the lilies of France? Those fleurs-de-lis may make her think she's Madame du Barry, and what could be better for your purposes? Covered with top-grain leather, of course\$6.95



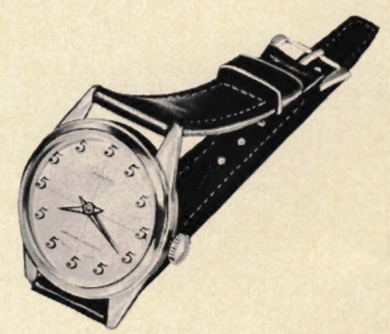
lusty horn

"The lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn," said Shakespeare. Nor is this genuine old-time bugle-type hunting horn, crafted from select steer horn. It's imported and hand polished, and fitted with a rawhide shoulder thong to insure that none of your envious friends clip it from you when you're not looking\$5.95



piscatorial predictor

Be hip to the rising and falling of the pressure (air, that is) when next you take your fair companion fishing. This German-made barometer will tell you when to expect results to diminish or improve. If you can correlate her amatory propensities with climatic variations, as some claim to do, you've got it made\$7.95



drinking time

If you never drink before five, you need suffer no more. It's always five o'clock by this Swiss-made, shock-proof, anti-magnetic cocktail watch which keeps excellent time, but makes every hour of the day or night convivial. Has second hand, golden anodized case, and a handsome leather strap to affix it, wristwise\$14.95

The Dude Magazine, 505 Eighth Ave., New York 18, New York

1/62

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____pigskin pipes
_____lusty horn

_____fancy flask
_____piscatorial predictor

_____the case for the ladies
_____drinking time

Dear DUDE:

I don't get it. The man in your "Story Without Words" (September *Dude*, pages 29-32) seems to have been making out fine right up to page 31. But on page 32, there he is, fully dressed, with a big scowl on his face, swinging his pearls as if nothing had happened. What I want to know is: what disaster occurred between page 31 and page 32? I'd slit the page apart with a razor if this would help me find out, but I'm not sure it would, and besides I'm not that good at performing delicate operations.

A. S.

Columbus, Georgia

Ed. Put down that razor! What happened is quite simple. The guy got what he wanted, and the girl forgot to keep the pearls. So he's stuck with the pearls which he didn't want to buy in the first place. You'd scowl, too, if you'd bought a string of pearls you didn't really need.

Dear DUDE:

I've been reading your magazine for years, and have gotten to feeling guilty about not expressing my appreciation for it. So I decided to write and tell you how much I like *Dude*. Of course a peasant might think it's enough that I buy the magazine, but you and I know that money means little to gentlemen.

There are lots of magazines faintly resembling yours available nowadays, but there's only one *Dude*. What I mean is, the other magazines try to be sophisticated, but yours is the only one that really is sophisticated. The others get hung up on superficial things, giving the impression that their highest ambition would be to "arrive" on Madison Avenue, whereas you guys seem to have already been to Madison Avenue and know it for its actual small worth.

True sophistication, as you guys seem to understand better than your competitors, is a cultivated attitude of mind that cannot be faked by wearing Continental clothes, or driving a Jaguar, or drinking martinis, or belonging to the right club. Keep swinging!

K. B.

Chicago, Illinois

Dear DUDE:

I was happy to see your article "The Sword Is for the Scabbard" by Mac Phillips in the September *Dude*. That boy Phillips really has the number of a lot of phonies in our society. There's too much of the pretense of voluptuous living in our day, and not enough of the reality. Also it is true that we are encouraged to get our sex vicariously, by reading about it or looking at it, rather than by living it, just as Phillips says.

But vicarious sex can be a good thing, too, in the right dosage and quality, as the success of your own magazine proves.

After all, there are magazines for sports car enthusiasts, and nobody claims that the readers thereof are not themselves demon drivers. There are magazines for skin-divers, which I'm sure are avidly read by people who actually do go in for the sport. It seems to me that reading is carried on by two classes of people—the dreamers and the doers. The dreamers get all their kicks from reading, and are such as Mr. Phillips describes. But the doers go out after having read, and do. And they do with the added advantage of having their doings refined and improved by the lessons to be learned in excellent magazines like *Dude*.

S. L.

Azusa, California

Dear DUDE:

Wow! What a cover on the September *Dude*! You guys really outdid yourselves this time. I think all your covers are great because they have a quality of wit and subtlety, but this was the best ever. You didn't just throw a naked broad out there for the yahoos to drool over. Instead you put out a cover a guy could think about—I mean those green satin bed sheets look so real you could almost touch them. I felt that this cover was a compliment to my taste and intelligence, and I want to thank you for it.

Not that you should get from the above paragraph the idea that I have anything against the simpler pleasures of looking at the undraped female form. On the contrary, let me say that the pictures of Miss Beverly Hills were so good for my eyes that I've thrown my glasses away, having been restored to 20-20 vision.

Having heard this, I hope you will not deny me more health-giving pictures of Miss Hills. I will pay whatever price you think is fair for some big photos of her I can hang up in my room. How about it?

J. P.

Des Moines, Iowa

Ed. This about it, Jack: you were going great for a while there, but you must go to the bottom of the class for that yahoo-ish final request.

Dear DUDE:

That article by Mac Phillips in your September issue, "The Sword Is for the Scabbard" was a real bomb. It was just a collection of words, words, words. What the hell was he talking about?

C. B. B.

Annapolis, Maryland

Ed. Think.

Dear DUDE:

As a college student majoring in World Literature, I must say that you publish some of the finest fiction I have seen in any modern American magazine. I think, having been forced to read the best works of the past—and having found some of them dull as hell in contrast to your stories, which are never dull—I can claim to know whereof I speak.

B. R. S.

New York, N.Y.

Dear DUDE:

I am sorry to say I disagree completely with Stanly Ferber's point of view as expressed in "Ars Gratuitous" in your September issue. He thinks the American theater is unfairly maligned. I think there are many things wrong with the theater today.

Just on the simple level of theater-audience relations—why can't you just decide you want to see a play and go to the box-office and buy tickets for that night, the same as you would with a movie? Answer—because theatrical producers are so damned scared of losing money that they let out all the choice seats to those foolish theater parties so that the real lover of the theater can't get near a seat.

And as for the average play—it's either a) incomprehensible *avant-garde* balogna, or b) it's social message-preaching that is all too comprehensible and boring, or c) it's cotton candy spun out for the ladies' bridge clubs. Where in all that is there any real *entertainment*?

A. M.

New York, N.Y.



The most obvious solution to an uncontrollable craving may

How real is the so-called "seven year itch?" True depiction or arrant fiction?

That largely depends on the preciseness of one's definition.

As stated in the folklore, and colorfully encapsulated in the famous Broadway play and Hollywood film of the same name, the seven year itch embodies the notion that just about seven anniversaries (give and take a year or two) after the honeymoon a married male (and sometimes his fair mate as well) begins to find the monogamous knot a little too binding and to yearn for the seemingly greener grass skirts on the other side of his neighbor's, or almost any other man's, fence. Although he may not, at this presumably crucial period in his marriage, sufficiently hate his wife and be sick enough of his kids to want to knock them over their heads,

he still (the folklore sayeth) tends to be so fed up with the appalling samenesses of domestic living and copulating that the slightest provocative bounce of his young secretary's stem or the swish of her stern is likely to send him skimming halfway to the nearest motel—or even the furthest divorce court.

True? Well, not exactly. False? No, not entirely. It depends, as I said before, on the precise definition of the term seven year itch.

Let's start with the literal definition. According to this concept, almost every married male would tend to be so devoted to his wife for the first half decade of their marriage that he would hardly notice her sexual or general deficiencies. Then, as the tedious sixth and seventh years of shredded bliss came and went, he would increasingly notice (a) her def-

icits and (b) other girls' bonuses. Finally, he would decide that his marital venture was no longer a profitable (or even going) concern and would stray to other amatory pastures.

This is an intriguing theory of the rise and fall of modern marriage; and doubtless can be substantiated by a good many actual cases. But the first (and not disastrous) evidence against the theory is that a hell of a lot of marriages fail to survive a paltry few, let alone anything like seven, years. Even a few nights of postmarital bedding seems to disillusion and discourage tens of thousands of Americans every year, and, before the first of their anniversaries have arrived, a goodly portion of these have "itched" their way in and out of the divorce courts and are well on the road to a new romance.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURT OWEN

Moreover, assuming that a considerable number of husbands do begin to stray about seven years after they marry doesn't mean that this is the first time they wanted to do so. The main factual evidence supporting the seven year itch theory of marital breakup stems from several sociological studies of a quarter of a century ago which tended to show that more divorces occurred around the seventh year of marriage than at any other period of marital history. Even were this still true (which it probably isn't, for reasons listed below), it would prove very little as far as any seven year itch theory is concerned. For couples who divorce each other seven years after their weddings have obviously usually been disgusted with their marriages for a considerable period—maybe even six years—before they actually did anything about their

"itch" to be elsewhere romantically involved.

Again: most people who become divorced or separated definitely do not do so because their hearts already belong to somebody else. Every year I see scores of married individuals who come to me for marriage counseling or psychotherapy because they are on the verge of breaking up with their mates (and often because they want assistance in working through a divorce, rather than in re-cementing their marriages). I find that, surprisingly enough, only about ten to twenty per cent of these maritally dissatisfied persons are involved with third parties; the rest are itching only to get away from their present partners.

As for the point that more marriages break up seven years after their being made in heaven, although re-

cent evidence on this point is not specifically available, I doubt that it any longer holds true. In the first place, more teen-age marriages than ever have taken place during the last decade, and a large percentage of such marriages quickly end in the divorce court. In the second place, modern couples seem much more willing today than they did a quarter of a century ago to admit their marital mistakes early in the game and unguiltily go for legal correction of these mistakes. When we know the facts, therefore, we will probably find that more marriages now break up during the first or second year than in any other particular year. If so, this would disprove the seven year itch theory of marital hazard.

Finally, note that a good many hardy souls who itch to get off to a different lover or spouse manage to

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:

FACT
OR
FANCY?



APRIL

wait ten, fifteen, or twenty rather than the proverbial seven, years. Obviously, a "twenty year hanker" is not compatible with the seven year itch theory—especially when millions of Americans of both sexes leave their spouses for another mate long after seven years have gone by.

For several reasons, then, the notion that just about seven-tenths of a decade after his honeymoon the average husband becomes enormously susceptible to the charms of the nearest local siren seems over-generalized and dubious. Yet there is much reason to believe that this idea is not completely false, and that if it is restated in a more liberal form it may well be true.

What would a less restricted and more plausible restatement of the seven year itch hypothesis be? Well, let's try this for a sampler: The average male (as well as many a female) will become relatively bored with his wife's charms within, at most, a few years after marriage and, even though he may still love her, will begin actively to itch for physical contact, and often romantic involvement as well, with other available attractive females.

In favor of *this* revised hypothesis, there is considerable evidence. In the first place, as Havelock Ellis, Edward Westermarck, and virtually all serious and objective students of sex and marriage have pointed out for many years now, the male is essentially a polygynous animal, a lover of variety. If given half a chance, he commonly takes two or more legal wives or concubines—as, for example, he is allowed to do in Islamic countries and in large areas of Asia and Africa. If not allowed a legal fling at plural marriage, he still, in most instances, refuses to remain monogamously tied to a single partner, but somehow manages to engage in illicit adulterous relations in most parts of the world. Thus, in our own prim United States, the Kinsey reports indicate that fifty per cent of married males admit engaging in adulterous sex relations some time during the course of their married lives. This, it may well be imagined, is a minimal estimate of the acknowledged and unacknowledged adultery that actually occurs.

If legal polygyny and illicit adultery always have been and still are so widespread, one can well imagine how ubiquitous the urge or *itch* for varied sex relations is. From my own clinical experience, as well as from extensive firsthand and literary re-

searches over a period of many years, I can only affirm here what I noted in my book *Sex Without Guilt*: that if any male does not, after even a year or two of marriage, desire a good many females other than his wife, then I am immediately suspicious of his physical or his psychological normality. This does not mean that the average American married male is normally *doing* anything about his promiscuous sex urges. Usually he is not. But *being* polygynous is radically different from being polygynously *inclined*. And the male who is not in the latter class is hardly a true male.

Romantically, though perhaps to a somewhat lesser degree, a preference for variety is also the rule rather than the exception. As Henry T. Finck pointed out some seventy-five years ago in his monumental work, *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*, intense romantic attachments between a man and a woman practically never last for more than five years—particularly when the lovers happen to be living together under the same roof. It is the nature of the human male to love a woman practically forever—but not the same woman.

This does not mean that conjugal or marital love relationships cannot continue for forty or fifty years on a fairly happy basis. Frequently they can. But conjugal love isn't, by a long shot, necessarily romantic. In fact, in many ways it is almost the opposite of romantic amour. So the normal male who does not, after considerably less than seven years of marriage, start romantically hankering for Marilyn Monroe, the girl he frequently sees on the 8:11 into the city, or some other delectable hunk of femininity about whom he often dreams but will probably never make a pass at—yes, Virginia, there is a clod of that nature. But one wonders why and for what.

The fact is, as I pointed out several years ago in my book, *The American Sexual Tragedy*, romantic love and marital domesticity are amazingly incompatible. During courtship, the male sees his girl friend a few hours a week, usually when she is looking and acting her best, and when he and she are in a state of high sexual excitement. After marriage, he sees her for perhaps scores of hours each week, often when they are both looking and acting their worst, and under conditions which reduce sexual excitation to a minimum. The barriers

on which romantic love usually thrives are almost nonexistent in marriages. In their place, the husband must undergo a steady stream of highly unromantic and practical discussions, responsibilities and labors. If intense romantic love (as distinguished from a calmer spirit of conjugal loving) lasts under these circumstances for even a two or three year period, the partners are doing far better than par for the marital course.

Finally, various other factors often arise to erode the one-sided absorption of the mates in each other and to encourage at least imaginative emotional straying. A husband and wife who, let us say, thoroughly enjoyed athletic interests together when they were both in their early twenties may only a few years later be much more sedentarily inclined. Or one of them may develop intellectually or esthetically, while the other remains at a virtual standstill. The husband may become so preoccupied with his work or the wife with her young children that they literally have no time for each other. Changed conditions of health, work, living, etc. may seriously interfere with their vital absorption in each other and may bring them closer to rapport with another member of the other sex. Even though, for various reasons, they never seriously contemplate divorce, their itches in other (marital or non-marital) directions may become pronounced shortly after marrying—or, for that matter, may break out many years after the first nuptial knots have been tied.

Man is sexually, emotionally, romantically and even maritally inclined to variety. Certainly he likes security and feels comfortable with routine. But he also likes adventure, change and novelty. And though he usually *leads* a fairly monotonous existence, he frequently dreams and itches for pie in the sky. His itching span, moreover, is much more likely to be seven days or weeks or months rather than seven years. And if he itches long enough, he frequently breaks out.

What, then, is to be done about the male (and to a lesser degree, the female) tendency to suffer from a one-, two-, seven-, twenty-, or umpty-umpty year itch? Various suggestions, some of them a little too drastic for comfort, have been offered over the cen-

(turn to page 71)

LOVE for SIX Brocc- olis

fantasy . . . BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

**. . . or eight nights
of amour
on a
supermarket floor.**

Mr. Lorsy was very good at his job of writing book jacket copy for the line of paper bound editions at Fortob House. When given a script about two young people in love, Mr. Lorsy would submit copy that read, "They were caught up in a vortex of twisted love and strange desires, two people at odds with a world they never made," and within minutes Mr. Fortob himself would be out of his office, saying, "Peachy, Lorsy. Real swello." Mr. Lorsy's western copy might read, "His gun hand dead, he limped into town like a miserable hunted thing, his eyes concealing a vortex of hate and fear. But Cobb had come home. He wasn't running any more," and one of these would usually bring Fortob out, too, crying, "Another hon, Lorsy. It's aces." The word "vortex," of course, was the key to Mr. Lorsy's success at Fortob House. Fortob, an unlettered publisher with the money-making touch, couldn't resist it, and on the day Lorsy had risked two in one cover

ILLUSTRATED BY LEMOULT



line (" . . . their lives a vortex of panic and infidelity, the bed they slept on a vortex of shame and lust."), Mr. Fortob had come hurtling out of his office to put through a raise.

Mr. Lorsy, of course, looked forward with dread to the inevitable day in which Fortob would say to him, "I'm on to your game, Lorsy. You've used 'vortex' on our last 240 books. Pack your grease pencils and out you go with only peanuts for severance." Mr. Lorsy's position, then, was a tenuous one, and were it not for the supermarkets, he might have spent his days and nights all choked up with tension. They relaxed him, and each evening, as other keyed-up editors dashed for their Gibsons extra dry, Mr. Lorsy walked briskly to the nearest supermarket. Wheeling his shopping cart through Dairy Products and Frozen Foods, his stomach was usually fluttery, but when he got to Canned Vegetables and Desserts, he began to relax, and by the time he reached Sauces and Condiments the tension dropped from his back like a blanket. Mr. Lorsy had a simple shopping theory. No stickler for brand name products, he was of the opinion that smaller companies tried harder to please than the giants and that the cans of relatively unknown firms were more apt to yield succulent treats. It was with this thought in mind that Mr. Lorsy reached one night for a tin of broccoli clumps labeled The Big Six which were stuck away in a miscellaneous section that the supermarket manager had thought to call "Newies." It was a strange looking striped can with no picture at all of the cold clumps inside, and later, in his apartment, as Mr. Lorsy unpacked his evening haul, he looked once again at the face of the can and read the ingredients section. It said:

Tender clumps, lightly salted, sugar, and we don't have to go into any of the other things in a can like this. Just get right in here and hold on to your hat, baby.

The fellas.

The ingredients list only confirmed Mr. Lorsy's feelings about the energy of young companies, and he tittered at the brashness of the fledgling broccoli people. Anxious now to sample their product, Mr. Lorsy got a tall glass of milk ready, opened the strange can and began to munch on the first of the six clumps. It went down in three bites, and when he had

washed it along with a sip of milk, an obscure Joni James ballad sounded in his ear, growing louder until it seemed his head would split from the pain. In blackness now, he tumbled about as though he had been tossed out on a dice table. "Isn't there some way to do these things without this dizzy stuff?" he screamed as he was flipped end over end. "I get nauseated on all amusement park rides, even merry-go-rounds." When the tumbles stopped, he opened his eyes to a dark, distant, but somehow familiar place, and a bald man in a bikini standing over him said, "We only get people here one way. I'm sorry about the tumbles but you can't get everybody here different ways."

Mr. Lorsy shook his head and said, "I can tell you're going into a long thing now, but let me tell you first that you look awful in that bikini. Your stomach is coming right out of it and I never want to see anything like what you look like in that thing."

"This is what we wear on the first clump," said the bald man. "I know I'm not sylph-like, but I'm comfortable and I'm not getting out of it for anyone. If I had a reputation, like Roberto Rossellini, you'd love me in it, stomach and all. All right, here I go. What happens now is that you get to go back and consummate early seductions that went awry. Ones in which you came close with girls but failed, and that have kept you thrashing about in bed at night, wishing you'd had another crack at them. We're the only can company that offers this. We don't advertise and have to depend on word of mouth. What we do is get you right back there in the middle of them, only now, of course, you've got vintage, know-how, in many cases know several more erogenous zones and have to be a real clod to fail. Don't go into anything about not wanting to do any of this. You'd like to get started immediately. We know that much from our marketing people. All right, I'll go along on all of these but hang back out of sight. I'm here to see to it that you devote yourself strictly to sex and don't do any stock market finagling or betting on horses."

"Heck," said Mr. Lorsy, "I feel as though I'm in a vortex of my own making. That's a private gag. Look, do you wear the bikini when you come along?"

"I don't slip out of that for anyone," said the bald man. "However,

there'll be no leprechaun-type remarks and I don't sail into Eddie Foy, Jr.-style dance steps. I do one thing. I worry about having ancient diseases. Right now I'm scared to death I've come down with glanders. Having a single glander would be dreadful, let alone being covered to the chin with them. Beyond that quirk and the bikini, you'll find me drab and colorless. Here's a pamphlet listing some of our other canned goods and now let's go."

"This is the Idletree Junior College in Illinois, out behind the organic chemistry lab," said Mr. Lorsy, his head clearing now. "I haven't been here in eleven years but I feel all collegy and will probably dash out and cram for a mid-term quiz on Neanderthal man or something."

"All right," said the bald man. "Here comes your first seduction-gone-awry. I'm passing out of the picture. It's getting chilly in this bikini and I'm off to get a hot chocolate."

"Good God, it's the Collins girl. I remember this night. She has large, perfectly shaped ones and I struck out with her."

"And you've been thrashing away at night hoping for another chance. That's the way it's set up all right. I'm freezing my tail off and getting out of here."

"Hey, suddenly I don't remember any new erogenous zones. What if I louse it up again?"

"It'll be like falling off a log," said the bald one, traipsing off into the bushes. "You have to be a real clod to fail."

A small girl with hair as black as typewriters and sweet blue eyes came skipping along with much turbulence beneath her woolen sweater. Lorsy took her moist hand and she said, "I'll punch anyone in the eye who gets any ideas."

"That's the way it was the last time," said Mr. Lorsy, encircling the girl's waist with an arm. "I don't see how this gets to be any different despite my age and experience."

"I don't know about any last times," said the girl, the activity stepping up beneath her sweater. "I'll tell you this, though. Stay at my waist and the evening will hum along smoothly. Go north to my perfectly shaped wild Irish ones, and I'll kick you square in the chops. Now it's off to secluded Idletree Lake we go for an evening of anecdote-telling and no amour."

They flew through the night, hand in hand, and along the banks of secluded Idletree Lake they fell to the grass and dipped their bare feet in the water, Mr. Lorsy lunging forward to try a neatly timed ear lobe nip. "I'm not saying I didn't enjoy that," said the girl, her blue eyes stinging, "but it was no anecdote. Try another and you risk a swift one right where you live."

Mr. Lorsy then told her about the Hopi Indians and how they won fair play in the West. Right before the punch line, he crept forward and delivered a tentative, almost scholarly behind tweak. "You had me faked out with that Hopi yarn," said the girl, doubling up her fist. "Another of those sly ones and I'll let you have a beauty that'll end your career."

"You lashed out with those threats eleven years ago and I don't see that anything's improved at all. You're all stretched out here and I'm not getting to enjoy a thing. This is exactly how it ended the last time. I can see it's going to wind up the same way, and I'll be thrashing about from now on with even greater intensity."

"Those problems I can do without," said the girl, the activity beneath her sweater completely out of control now. What else do you have on Hopis?"

Mr. Lorsy looked out toward the center of the lake now and saw his man in the bikini, treading water out there and holding a luminescent teleprompter above his head. It read:

Damnit, only a clod can fail. Here's a hint. Ask yourself, has she really *delivered* any of those kicks in the chops? That's all I'm saying. And I mean it, you're getting no more help on any of these.

Roberto.

"That's right," said Mr. Lorsy, converging on the girl now and lashing out with an upper thigh caress. "You've threatened chop kicks, but you've never kicked a single chop of mine."

"I've a wild Irish temper," the girl said, slightly abashed, her sweater jouncing in complete chaos. Mr. Lorsy, confident now, threw her still further off balance by trying two new erogenous zones at once. "I really will let you have one," she said in a choked voice, returning his lip caresses now, "right in your little sweet chops." Bringing his eleven additional years of skill into full play

now, Mr. Lorsy finessed the girl back into a patch of azaleas. "There are no punches and chop kicks," she whispered. "I have to say those aggressive things for some psycho schmyco reason even though I don't mean them." With that, screaming, "Now hop, you Hopi crazy man," she hauled Lorsy down beside her. Minutes later, when she had torn his varsity T-shirt into a Brando, the reverse side of the Joni James platter started up in Lorsy's ear and the tumble began, only this time he found a Dramamine tablet in his blue jeans and the ride was much smoother.

The following evening, Mr. Lorsy mechanically dropped a muenster cheese packet into his supermarket basket along with several marked-down sink stoppers and hurriedly dashed home to down a second clump. The last bite consumed, he tumbled back via an oddball Illinois Jacquet tango and appeared in the loge of a movie house next to the bald man, who was wearing a beach robe. It said across the back, "Dot and Herb's Hillside Cottages, Fallsburg, N.Y."

"For Pete's sake, sit one seat over," said the man. "You act as though you don't even care about getting anthrax. It isn't just a matter of taking penicillin and then you're rid of it, you know."

"Have you got it on under there?" asked Mr. Lorsy. If you have, then just keep your robe on, please. I don't want any more of your flouncing about in that bikini near me. Is my favorite, John Ireland, in this movie?"

"I don't do my costumes, I just wear them. Ireland isn't in it, but it's a Western, and you get some fine early Walter Brennan. He does some cute stuff about homeowners a little later on. You'll remember it in a second."

"It is coming back," said Mr. Lorsy, staring at the screen. "We must be at the non-com movie house, Trudo Air Force Base, Texas. It's about a deacon who fights wild west baddies with his Bible. I was an airman first class and I reviewed it for the base newspaper, calling it, 'Low on Action, High on Spirituality!' And boy, do I remember who I took to see it! I'm not getting over what happened so easy, either."

"Been killing yourself over the foul-up ever since, eh? That's where we come in. You get yourself another shot at her and tonight's the night. It'll be like taking candy from a baby. All right, she's slipping in beside you now and I'm off to see if I can round up some anthrax salve. It'll be a fruitless mission."

A tall nurse with a wild tangle of long blonde hair sat down beside Mr. Lorsy and put her nose into his neck. "Why me?" she asked. "I mean, what did you see in me at the pool today? Why did you ask me to come with you tonight?"

"I'm not sure I can tell you," said Mr. Lorsy. "I mean, how honest can I get? All right, I'm blurting it out just the same and you'll either hand me my head or think I'm a doll. It's because of that little glimpse of your

(turn to page 51)



"In your case you have one of two choices—repent or re-up."

SATURNALIA, BABY



Ancient Rome! Ah! What wouldn't I give to have been back there at the height of the empire! Well, I wouldn't give a bent subway token, for one thing. Because, much as I hate to disillusion everybody, there is less to pagan Rome than meets the eye. The synonym for a whale of a time, the "Roman Holiday," is to be viewed with suspicion.

Because the festivals of this long-dead empire—and especially its best-known romp, the Saturnalia—leave something to be desired. Namely, fun. One would think that, even if all the other festivities proved to be duds, this last big revel of the

year (in the time-slot where we now celebrate the Christmas season) should have tried to live up to its riotous reputation. However—the Roman Empire had a fairly prosaic beginning, with Romulus knocking off his brother Remus so the town could be named after him (Romulus felt—and you'll probably agree—that a town called "Reem" would have been silly). It looked like the start of a good empire for a while, but along came Numa, Romulus' successor, and he accidentally founded the pagan religion, and the whole shebang wilted.

The way it happened, Numa used

to go off to this tree-happy region where a fresh running spring came out of a dark grotto, to smooch with his wife, Egeria. Why he kept her a secret is uncertain, but at any rate, somebody finally asked him what he was doing out there every night, and to cover up, he insisted he was conferring with the Nine Muses. This was a mistake. The next thing, temples were springing up like bamboo shoots, and the empire began its downhill toboggan ride. Within a few years, there were enough gods and goddesses around so each Roman citizen could have one of his own, with no duplication. Naturally, to be

Those Roman
Yuletide
orgies
were feats
of clay . . .

article . . . JACK SHARKEY



on the safe side, all were worshipped one after the other, which made for an entire year of feast and whoopee, with barely a week-end's respite to catch one's breath.

... Or so I thought, until the day I wandered into the local library to see what information was available on that classic roof-raiser, the Roman orgy. And you know what? There wasn't any such thing, anywhere. Oh, maybe a few assorted millionaires threw an all-night cocktail party now and then, but so far as the populace went, none of this partying got any farther than the exclusive guest list. From January through December, it was all the local citizens could do to keep up with the goings-on provided by the various temples in the town, goings-on of such length and duration that I seriously doubt that the empire ever really fell. It just pooped out.

In my search for orgy listings, I unearthed the following information, all of which is utterly disillusioning . . .

CALENDAR OF ROMAN HOLIDAYS

January Joy—

Agonalia: The *Balii* made public sacrifices to Janus, the two-faced god of lintels, houses, and indoors-and-out, during which the people got to watch, and to dust Janus icons.

Carmentalia: A special celebration in honor of the goddess-protector of pregnant women, Carmentinus (sometimes called Carmentina, or even Carmentia; the women were too busy being careful to pay attention to spelling).

Paganalia: The name sounds like it had possibilities, but it turns out that people only offered crops to Ceres and Tellus, goddesses of harvest and soil. Since it was still winter, Ceres and Tellus fared none too well.

Feralia: Nothing the least bit feral about this one. It was a day set aside for polishing tombstones.

February Fun—

Parentalia: A hang-over from January; the day set aside for polishing tombstones of relatives.

Lupercalia: Two naked boys stood by while the priests killed two goats and one dog. Then the boys were smeared upon the forehead with the bloody sacrificial knife, at which point (word of honor) they were to *laugh* (boys being boys,

they probably did). Then each took a whip, and they ran naked through the streets, trying to see who could lash the most women. All women touched by the lash, if sterile, would become fertile. (There is no record of when the events ended for the day; one presumes it halted when the boys collapsed, the whips wore out, or the women started hitting back.)

Quirinalia: Everybody went to the temple of Mars to pay his respects to the war god, whom—on this occasion—they called Quirinus. Search me.

Terminalia: Festivities of Terminus, the god of boundaries. The day on which the Roman landowners mended fences.

Regifugium: Feast celebrating the time some kings chickened out and ran away. Lot of time wasted holding up pictures of kings and singing "Cowardie-cowardie-custard!"

Equiria: Another feast day of Mars, this time called Mars, on which people watched horse races.

March Madness—

Matronalia: Celebrated on the first Mother's Day.

Liberalia: The day Roman youths who were old enough got to don their first togas, and thus became men. The event took place on March 17th, which is a hell of a date for a *bar mitzvah*, even a Roman one.

Quinquatrus: A day for worship at temples of Mars and Minerva. It was called Quinquatrus (I'm not making this up!) because it came five days after the Ides, on the 20th. Talk about fun!

Tubilustrium: I know you'll never believe this, but this was the day set aside for the priests of Mars to polish their trumpets. (Whee?)

April Abandon—

Megalesia: Mother's Day again, this time for Cybele, the mother of the whole variety-pack of Roman deities.

Fordicidia: In honor of Tellus (soil goddess, remember?), her priests killed a pregnant cow and set fire to the unborn calf. There is no record of Tellus' reaction.

Cercalia: All the cereal worshippers (sort of early Dennis James) got together and burned crops.

Parilia: This was the feast of Pales, a pastoral god for whom the Pala-

tine hill was named. In his honor, a sheep was made to run through burning straw. (Hence the game, "Run, Sheep, Run!", or maybe "Mutton-Mutton.")

Vinalia: Here I thought I was finally on the track of orgy at last; it was the feast of the new wine. However, all the people did was taste it, and then it was put away for Saturnalia, not due till December.

Robigalia: Worship again, this time at the temple of Robigus, the god of corn blight. Whether he caused it or prevented it is not clear.

April-May—

Floria: A feast that overlapped the months because it was in honor of the flower goddess, about whose name there were long arguments, half for "Flora," half for "Chloris." Flowers and fights were picked regularly throughout.

May Monkeyshines—

Lemuria: Originally called "Remuria," by Romulus, but later misspelled. It was the feast of atonement for Romulus' (who got soft in his old age) knocking off of Remus. It was celebrated by one night of utter silence. (How could the Romans stand this mad pace?)

Ambarvalia: A real fun-fest. The people walked in the fields in circles, killing pigs, sheep and oxen.

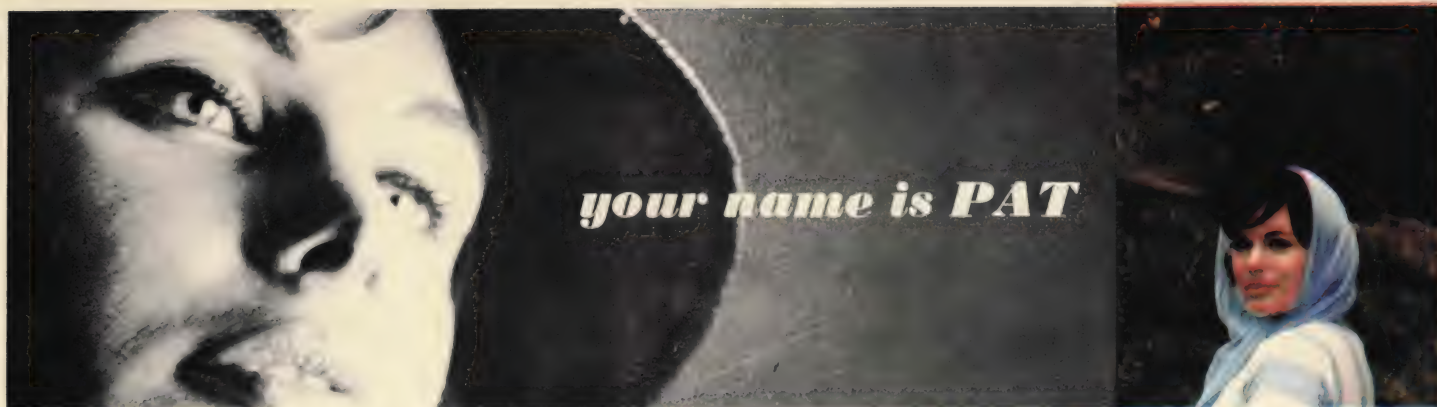
June Jollies—

Semo Sanctus: Feast of the Seed god. They took kernels of grain and burned them at his altar, thus, if getting no other results, at least discovering popcorn.

Vestalia: This was kind of perky, if pointless. Everybody in town put out all the fires. Then the Vestal Virgins, tending the fires of Vesta, went around with torches and gave everyone a light again.

July Joys—

Ludi Apollonares: (The *ludi* were games, harmless ones.) It was against the law to apply the term *ludi* to anything taking place during Saturnalia. (I became interested in Saturnalia at this point, what with all that wine saved up for it and no one being allowed to have harmless-type games.) *Ludi* took place on July 5th, and then everybody left town for the summer, since Apollo (the sun
(turn to page 72))



What's in a name? Plenty—if the rose is an American Beauty . . .



Your name is Pat. Patricia. Stockton, your family name, has been beaten about for generations, and has earned its bread in the Minnesota prairies, under the skyscrapers of Chicago and has even had a brief fling with magnolias in the swampy parts of the south. Your heritage is Anglo-Irish, with the diluted strains of Scandinavian and German—for “body,” as your family says.



But that's family. They like to remember you as a plump, energetic little girl, who ran around in tattered denims and excelled in, of all things, the manly sport of baseball.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FORD



● You try to forget about your early tomboyism and you look at yourself in the mirror and see the fire and sparkle in your eyes of an Irish revolutionary, and you try to cultivate the refined manners, the exquisite speech of the English. You have a theory about the generations and about ancestry, but you don't like to talk about it because you've found that guys usually like their gals dumb—at least when they're as good looking as you are.

● The guys scoff at your British pretensions because they think you resemble a great lady from the flickers, a lady who's always been identified with oriental parts—Gene Tierney. ● They tell you you've got the pouting upper lip and the jutting cheekbones that seem to belie your western heritage. ● You're also tall and slim—but not too slim—and your legs look like they're nine miles long. You nostalgically tell your admirers that those long and sturdy underpinnings stood you in good stead during your baseball days. You were as fleet as a gazelle, you tell them, and you'd been clocked doing close to ninety going down the line. They scoff, of course, because they don't know about the monkey on your back, a crazy, crazy dream you've always nurtured, and which you know is impossible yet which you can't completely shake. ●





You've always fantasied that you'd be the first female major league ball player, but you know it's insane and you know it'll take a super Branch Rickey to make it come true. And where is he hiding, you ask. ● You know in your heart it's a man's world and you'll adjust to it before many seasons go by. You've just reached adulthood and you'll learn to live with your curves, and with your (turn to page 39)

life, love, & death

... and Lenny Bruce—
the irrepressible comic
whose routine
is writ so large,
it deals with nothing
but universals.



ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

The mainstream of American performing comedy has always been separated into two broad currents. In one are the gagmen, the so-called stand-up comics with a line of topical patter or jokes. They are, broadly speaking, the sophisticates. In the

other current are the clowns, the pantomimists. They are more likely to be intrinsically funny and, again speaking broadly, they are the innocents.

In recent years, there seems to have emerged a new undercurrent,

mingling on occasion with the other two, but flowing faster and deeper and colder. Its practitioners are labeled "Sick" or "New" or "Far-out," and they are mostly given to saying things that are not considered very funny—or are not even under-



stood—by the so-called General Public, or General MacArthur, or whatever you want to call it. They make brutal and irreverent comments about integration and the missile race and about our ex-president's African policy (not just about his golf game, which is the province of the gagmen). Their humor, at its best, is devastating, in the literal sense. It reverberates. It echoes.

Unlike the show biz perennials, Bert Lahr, Jack Benny, and that ilk, one might hazard a guess that most of the new comics may be professionally short-lived, at least in their present guise. At first they avoid the lowest common denominators of humor, but as more people pay bigger cover charges to listen to them in larger and larger night clubs, they are bound to broaden and soften their approach. Some of them have already developed figurative spare tires above belts that, only a few years or months ago, had been tautly drawn around lean stomachs—and the rumblings that now emerge are not characterized by quite the same degree of discontent. In short, like artists in other fields of endeavor, they are beginning to lose some of their drive and their bite as they grow successful. Soon we may expect many of them to drift away from the undercurrent and join one of the traditional flows. After all, it is not easy to be really nasty—and nastiness is a good part of wit—about a society that pays you \$4,000 a week.

Of course, this is too cavalier and hasty a graph. None of the New Comics have yet fallen very far from their peak. Shelley Berman, Nichols and May, Bob Newhart, Jonathan Winters, Mort Sahl—all the post-1955 (to name a nice round year) talent is still going strong, but there are signs in most of them that time

and money are working in favor of the above prognosis.

There is one New Comic who seems to be breasting all the currents at once. In his mid-thirties, he is a product of Brooklyn, a Riverhead potato farm, the U.S. Navy in the Mediterranean and assorted burlesque houses.

Lenny Bruce is generally regarded by students of the genre as the farthest-out of all, and his following among the hipsters and their fellow travelers (for the most part harmless agrarian reformers in Exurbia) is fiercely dedicated. Lenny's general approach to his work might best be described as guilt by free association.

Although the LP recordings of some of his night club dates have been worn husky by devotees, Lenny's TV appearances have been just short of disastrous (because of censorship) and his night club engagements, particularly outside Los Angeles, a city that seems singularly receptive to all the clan, are frequently marred by irate walkouts, and by less than stunning performances on his part. Sensitive to crowd reactions, prone to sudden gusts of seriousness, Lenny is an in-and-outer. At his best, when the bizarre edge of his wit is not too clouded by Messianic thunderheads, he is considered by many the funniest man around.

Because he is often scathing enough to make Mort Sahl sound like an Unforgettable Character in the *Reader's Digest* by comparison, and because his routines strike them as shocking or grisly, Lenny's detractors—and they are every bit as intense as his followers—proclaim that he goes too far, and proclaim him sick, tasteless and a thoroughly bad influence.

For the benefit of those who have just tuned in, here are boiled-down

versions of a couple of his most famous routines. It must be borne in mind that Lenny is strictly his own writer, and that he does all the voices himself. The spectacular quality of his range and his timing does not come through in print. When he's in the mood, he can give cards and spades to the pantomimists, the comic actors, as well as to the jokesters, the gagmen.

Two German talent agents are wearily running through a bunch of hopefuls from Central Casting and rejecting their readings as too faggy or too Methody for the part being cast—a dictator. When the office is cleared of candidates, one agent lowers his voice and says, "Don't look now, but dig the guy painting the wall, the shlub on the extreme right. Look at that face! Oy, is that an album cover! Put down that painting, Sonny, and come over here . . . What did you say your name was? Adolf *Shickelgruber*? It's a hoof and mouth disease, no?" The painter draws back. "Leave me alone, huh, fellas? I know you show people. Always fooling around." But they are not fooling. By the time the record ends, they've changed his name to Hitler (it fits a marquee), doped out a lucky arm band ("Four sevens . . . the squares will dig it") and signed him up. "Adolf, you'll make more money with us in a minute than you make with this Kemtone jezz in a year."

A number of listeners have felt that Lenny's version of a revivalist huckster calling a high religious prelate long distance is in dubious taste, and it is a fact that the revivalist's attitude is not exactly sanctimonious.

But, sick or sane, Lenny's reputation rests heavily on about a dozen such creations. It is a big reputation. Lots of people pay money to hear

him, in night clubs or in concert halls such as Carnegie, which are filled with people whose mean age seems to be about twenty-four. At concerts, Lenny stands in front of a stool and talks for two solid hours. Mostly about politics and religion.

With the exception of truncated and rather halfhearted versions of one or two, he does not repeat his best known routines these days. For the most part he no longer does routines at all, but delivers a jumbled collation of footnotes to his oral autobiography. There is no Hitler, no Palladium, no drunk walking the dog, no Lawrence Welk (in which a desperately hung-up sideman tells Welk he has a monkey on his back; Welk thinks a monkey would be a charming addition to the band).

During a good portion of his current appearances, Lenny seems to be asking his listeners to put their hands trustingly in his while he leads them off toward some new frontier of self-discovery and righteousness.

"Woe to him who seeks to please rather than to appall," spake the minister to Ishmael before the quest for Moby Dick, and this might be Lenny's text of late. A bold theme for a comedian.

His are more intriguing than most free association monologues, inasmuch as they contain many anatomical references, some sharp insights, some interesting personal revelations and some very funny lines. But, all in all, one suspects they are not quite what his followers have come to hear. It is a little as if he failed to accept the audience, failed to assume they knew his idiom. Too often, he sounds like an author explaining a story an editor had read but didn't get. And, like the author, Lenny sometimes

(turn to page 51)



fiction . . . **STUART JAMES**

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS A. CHAUNCEY



Whether playing for scores
or playing to score, the
halfback learned to give his
all—or get nothing at all.

They came out of the huddle
and went to the scrimmage
line with business-like
calm. At right halfback, Mike
Kousek lined up at arm's
length with the fullback and
the left half. The quarterback
stood over the center and
barked the initial numbers.

He called the shift. The
left tackle pulled out and
unbalanced the line on the
right. The backfield shagged
into position, Kousek dropping
in behind the right end.

The opposition shifted their
defense. The quarterback
bent down, his head high. He
chanted. The ball was
passed. The lines clashed.

The quarterback whirled,
faked a pitchout, then spun
and attempted to penetrate
the immovable *Mammoth* line.

The center and linebacker
brought him down at
scrimmage.

Kousek turned and started
for the side lines. He glanced
up at the scoreboard.

Mammoths 7, *Tigers* 0. It did
not seem to disturb him
that his team was trailing. He
said nothing to the offensive
backfield men running past
him. They headed for their
positions on the field,
since the ball had passed to
the *Mammoths* for the next
four downs. He reached
the bench, took the heavy robe
offered by the assistant
trainer, and sat down. He
stared ahead as though bored.

"Mike, Mike, what in hell's
name is wrong out there?"

Kousek turned his blank
gaze upon Whitey Blansford,
the *Tiger* coach, who was
leaning over him. "Wrong?"

THE GOAL

he said. "What do you mean?" He tossed his helmet.

"There's no spirit. It's like you're all dead."

"They've got a rough defense," Kousek answered.

"Damn," Blansford said. He pounded a fist in his palm. He straightened and turned to the field. "Damn," he said again.

The *Mammoths* picked up five yards on a line buck. Blansford groaned. "Oh, damnit!" he snapped.

Kousek did not listen. It didn't matter. What the hell. The steady rise and fall of the crowd's roar was no more to him than the sound of the surf or the wind or the disembodied noises one adjusts to in a crowded restaurant. This was his time to rest before going out there again. He thought of other things—Florida, the girl back there in the stands, his investments.

The *Mammoths* picked up a first down on a short

pass and Blansford was screaming. Kousek watched the simian-faced coach stalk up and down the white line before the bench. There was no reaction from the other players on the bench.

"It's that damned screen pass!" Blansford shouted. "They worked it again! Any damned fool could have seen that!"

Kousek ignored the shouting. He was used to it, and he knew that it had nothing to do with the game on the field. What the hell, he thought, what's it matter? It was the last game of the season. The *Tigers* were in next-to-last place and the *Mammoths* had already cinched the title. The game didn't mean a damned thing. Except to Whitey. He was going to be looking for a new job. The *Mammoths* bogged down, kicked, and the *Tigers*

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RING OUT WILD BELLES!



If Western women . . . those Pioneers in Petticoats who helped settle (or unsettle) the West . . . could see the kind of "image" television has created of them, they would not merely turn over in their graves, they'd be spinning like tops. Or laughing themselves silly because a small army of researchers, writers and producers of "adult Westerns" in Hollywood have done—and are doing—their level best to make the "big name" women of the past (and with a past) as pure and virginal as the driven snows and thus palatable to television's "living room" audiences. This has called for a major whitewash job, since most of the distaff headliners whose names regularly come up in television episodes are a better example of Americana than Americana, without whose presence the West could have been won anyway. And faster!

Our image of the pioneer wife, generally speaking, is one of a strong, loyal woman who, despite sand, trail dust and the monotony of a desert extending into infinity, managed by the day's end, to look prim and sexy. But according to diaries, letters written to relatives and historic records, the real pioneer wife had a good deal to grumble about and this she did with spirit . . . the same spirit, no doubt, that moved many of her sister travelers to shoot up the countryside on the broadside chance that one bullet would hit the back of a fleeing husband who had talked her into the trip. Wives deserted by the scores to join wagon trains "going back to civilization." There is the record of one woman who chased her husband out of camp with an ax. He kept right on running, or, more probably, "got the ax" for the woman returned

article . . . JAY ROSENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KNAPP

alone and no one had the courage to ask her what had happened.

Although there were many more of her, the pioneer wife is usually upstaged by a Madame and/or dance hall girl generally pictured (the image again!) as virginal, true-blue; an American beauty who kept up the morale of pioneer men by being pretty and decorative; somehow managing to keep these virile males on the straight and narrow until their wives arrived. To show how the "image" matches with the real item, let's meet a few of the "name stars" of that Western era. There is, for example, Big Nose Kate.

One gets the impression from television that she was the young, more-than-pretty girl friend of an alcoholic dentist-turned-gambler known as Doc; that above all she was loyal. In point of fact (and in the flesh), she was a big-busted, common looking alcoholic nymphomaniac who kept house for Doc when she was not practicing the oldest profession in the world. Twice, her earnings from lovola kept Doc from being strung up or shot up for welching on gambling debts. On one occasion, Doc put up her earnings for one night's work as the security for a loan to get him into a poker game. She practiced her profession for cash but would have done it "just for the hell of it" because she missed "the old gang." Doc whaled the hell out of her several times for returning to her professional calling. But it was not because of jealousy. It was because she failed to charge the patrons. So that's the kind of man he was. And she was!

Speaking of the way a man or woman was or wasn't, let's now consider the case of Charlie the Whip, a



A behind
the screen look
at one of T.V.'s
more distorted
images...

crack stage driver on the Calaveras-to-San Jose run. When a highwayman robbed Charlie, the driver warned the bandit:

"If you ever try that again, I'll kill you on the spot!"

The bandit did. And Charlie kept the threat. Killed the bandit with two shotgun blasts. This established Charlie in a kind of inglorious hall of fame and bandits damn well gave Charlie-driven stages a wide, wide berth. Finally, in 1879, Charlie fell ill, refused medical care and died. An hour later, the undertaker discovered why Charlie had refused medical aid. Charlie was a Charlotte. Charlotte P., in fact. A woman! And quite a woman come to think of it.

Then there was Belle of Waverly Place, who arrived in San Francisco in June, 1852, immediately finding ungainful employment doing piece work at a Barbary Coast mill—a gin mill, of course. Later she became a sort of straw boss, or straw mattress boss and finally switched over to management. Now a girl in a service-type business in a rowdy part of town needed some kind of a weapon to protect her money if not her virtue, and Belle found a unique one. She just acquired a jealous boy friend. Whenever she was insulted, or fancied herself insulted, she simply managed to get the offending party into her apartment and into a compromising situation at a time she knew lover-boy would be dropping in. Nature—his jealous nature—did the rest. There was usually an immediate slaying, her jealous lover using a stiletto-type knife he carried concealed in the head of his cane. Thus seven (probably more) met death. Ironically, lover-boy lost his own life the same way—when one of Belle's intended victims caught Belle with lover-boy and stabbed him dead, dead, dead. Or so the story goes, goes, goes.

Belle managed to establish a number of firsts. She was, for example, the first woman in San Francisco to appear in public wearing face powder. Or at least she was the first one criticized for so doing. Her brazen appearance at the opera wearing "a despicable white mask" was the subject of a page one editorial in the *Alta Californian*, the leading San Francisco paper, which sternly warned others not to "follow the example set by a lady of sin." It was also the basis of many a sermon the following Sunday. The sophisticated ladies of

the day were properly shocked, even though many of them practiced some strange rituals in privacy which would allegedly hypo their sex appeal. Some of these nineteenth century beauty aids might be worth more than casual mention. For instance:

After a confining winter, every woman knew the secret of a quick tan. Soak birch bark in water overnight, then rub the face with it. Result: a quick tan that would last for several hours. "Bust" and "hip" pads were openly advertised. We call them falsies today. But most women were too shy to buy them at a store counter. They preferred to make their own with folded muslin.

There was also this formula for ridding the face of freckles: wash the face with lye soap; cover with thickened three-day old cream; let dry even though pain is severe enough to bring tears; break off the mask. Freckles (and probably the top layer of skin) would come off with the dried cream. There was an alternate plan although there is no record of how well it worked. Go to an alfalfa field before dawn, strip off clothes; brush hands across the alfalfa flowers until wet with dew; rub dew on face, then rub buttocks to get skin oil. Apply alternate layers of skin oil and dew for one half hour. (If one were cynical, he might suspect this idea was cooked up by a crafty farmer to get his hands out to the field by dawn or before.)

Women of the era regarded "relations" with a man as a cross a woman had to bear. So it's odd that so many of them knew how to mix peach leaves, birch bark and charcoal into a strong tea which was regarded as a sure-fire aphrodisiac! Belle may have been bold enough to wear powder in public but the chances are pretty good that she didn't sip sex tea in private. This she didn't need if only twenty-five per cent of the reports about her are accurate.

Belle at least made an attempt to improve her appearance. But some of her contemporaries didn't care much about appearance; or there was nothing they could do to improve it anyway. Take Calamity Jane, for example. When she left home at the age of sixteen, she donned men's work clothes and shuffled from town to town doing heavy labor as a man. She contracted with the Army to work as a mule skinner. But a Colonel discovered her true sex when

she went bathing with other mule skimmers, who nearly rioted when the Army officer fired her. She then decided to be a lady for a change, and that was quite a change. She was working her way across Nevada, one saloon at a time, when Madame Moustache, also known as Madame Dummont and also known by many other names, none of which is printable, saw Calamity in a bar. She pointed out that such talent should not be sold for the price of a drink. For the first time Calamity Jane realized that she had quite a little money-maker there. She would have done well because she liked the work. But as soon as she satisfied the itch in the palm of her hand, she found she had a stronger one on the bottoms of her feet. She just had to travel, and travel she did until she met up with Wild Bill, who taught her to shoot a six-gun. She became a deadeye shot with a pistol—and with a stream of tobacco juice, usually aimed at a customer she suspected of not paying attention.

So that's what Calamity Jane was all about. But how does she appear on the television screen? A clue to that is revealed in a memo King Deets, casting director for Filmaster Productions, sent around to Hollywood agents, giving the list of characters for a forthcoming TV episode. Among them was:

CALAMITY JANE . . . Mid-20s.

A shy girl, more than pretty; effeminate and apologetic for her ability to outshoot a man.

Deets didn't indicate whether her apologetic marksmanship was for gunfire or tobacco.

Belle, however, was depicted recently as a sympathetic woman gunslinger who was a bandit by circumstances. But the story failed to mention that before she reached twenty-one, a \$10,000 dead-or-alive price had been placed on her head, a fact she bragged about openly for years. Nor did it disclose why she insisted on posing for several photographs, a gun strapped to her waist. There is sufficient factual evidence to convince most historians that the story is true about her using five members of her gang as "live targets" after they had thoroughly bungled a bank robbery. She shot each one in the back as he darted away after she had given him the command: "Go!" She considered this a sporting chance.

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In spite of the cool November night, he was perspiring, his legs moving him along in the line with leaden reluctance and increasing dread, the long line itself filing up onto the platform passed the row of bright red boxes: the disfranchise machines. The people in the line were unnaturally quiet, the shuffling sounds of their feet almost the only noises in the vast open courtyard. And beyond the courtyard walls there was silence, too, now. No longer the flying banners and flaring torches and blaring bands, no longer the cheers and the windy tirades of the politicians. The moment had come for decision, and the decisions were being made.

Up ahead, on the platform in front of the red boxes, someone in the line screamed—a woman—making a wild eerie sound of terror that told of a disfranchisement, as white-coated medical attendants took her in charge and the uniformed guards stepped up, smoothing the confusion around the red machines, keeping the line moving.

He shuddered reflexively, but held stubbornly to his place in the line even as others dropped out before reaching the platform ramp, and some already on the platform filed stiffly by the machines without even pausing, without even daring to look at them. . .

"Vote?" his grandfather had thundered. He remembered him whirling around in his old vibrator chair and banging his artificial arms on the table. "You want to risk life and limb for a chance to vote? Why?" His rheumy eyes glared out of wrinkled sockets.

"Because it's important. Somebody's got to. Nobody's voted in our family in the last three elections, Grandad."

"And you know why."

His head had lowered. "Yes."

The disfranchise machines. A system established years ago, after the great nuclear holocaust. A system that kept the vote so small that one

In this society, exercising the right to vote really meant going out on limb...

vote counted heavily. But you had to care. You really had to care, to want desperately to take an active part in government. It took guts to gamble with the disfranchise machines, and he wasn't at all sure he had the guts.

"A voter these days is a special breed of cat," Grandad had said. "In my youth anyone could vote. They begged us to vote. Now . . ." He lifted his prosthetic limbs in a futile gesture.

It had grown dark outside and the walled illumination of the room had begun to glow, and in the pale light he thought his grandfather looked very small and very old. . .

He almost stumbled and realized he had reached the foot of the moving ramp that would carry him up onto the platform. His hand on the sliding rail was damp with sweat as he fumbled for his footing and remembered then what Eileen had said about voting. . .

"Voting is for mad dogs and Englishmen." She had smiled indulgently. "Or was that the noonday sun?"

"I'm serious."

"So am I." She had stood there watching him, beautiful in her gold sheath suit and gold dyed hair.

Eileen, in her blue and white apartment, who never seemed to take anything seriously, yet who had an underlying seriousness about her that was sometimes frightening. She despised the system. Called it crude and barbaric, and maybe it was—his own grandfather had been disfranchised, twice.

She had mixed him a drink and held it out to him. "You always were a gambler," she said, and her voice had softened. "But what does it really mean to you, this right to vote?"

He had laughed sardonically at this. "Only my good right arm."

"But to gamble against such odds."

"You gamble every day. Riding the mono-rails, or a rocket express."

"But not so direct a gamble, nor so foolhardy." She sat down beside him and he could smell the heady fragrance of her golden hair. She shuddered. "I'll be old enough to vote next year, but I could never do it. Not in a million years." She looked at him. "I love you, Ron, and I admire your courage. But you're such a fool."

He set his empty glass on a long, low table. "Somebody's got to. Fewer are doing it every election."

"But why you? Let somebody else. . ."

And that was what he was thinking now, stepping up onto the platform and starting the long walk in front of the diabolical red boxes. Twelve of them. The line moving slowly now, but moving. Everyone had to keep moving, and decide.

The machines on the far end of the platform were used the most, even those who had decided to risk it putting it off as long as possible, or simply taking that long to decide. Ahead of him arms began to reach out quickly, deftly, darting inside the open front of a box and extracting the required official ballot with a murmured prayer, for each of the machines held a razor edged blade that flashed down across the face of the box at microsecond speeds and always at irregular intervals, now and then removing an arm and thereby disfranchising a prospective voter.

"Keep moving! Keep the line moving!" A guard shouted in his ear, prodded his elbow, and he walked woodenly ahead, passing the first three machines, remembering Eileen's words: "But why you? Let somebody else. . ."

Who was it had said that just after the blade had flashed down was the best time to try, though sometimes it came down twice in rapid succession. But he knew there was no real way to outguess the machine. You simply took your chances, if you had the guts. He wiped the sweat out of his eyes and saw that he had passed three more machines, and he decided it was now or never. Eileen had been right. Voting was up to the "somebody elses" of the world; only what Eileen hadn't realized, and what he hadn't realized until just now, was that he was one of the "somebody elses."

He reached into the third machine from the end and grasped a ballot. His hand even lingered momentarily, as if tempting the red box before he withdrew the ballot, clutching it securely in his fist and scarcely daring to breathe as he moved on along the line, down off the platform and on toward the voting hall.

Still perspiring, but not so much now; beginning to feel the chill wind, the gentle freshness of the cool November night.



"This is a stickup!"

∞

EDITOR'S NOTE: One of the happy phenomena that jazz has trailed along in its wake is an articulation rare to other forms of middlebrow entertainment. Most of this verbal expression, however, usually comes from musicians and critics, and both are so closely involved with the subject that frequently the forest becomes obscured for the trees. ■ **THE DUDE's** editors have long felt that the middlemen of jazz, the A and R men (artist and repertoire), who discover the talent, produce the records and judge whether or not the product is salable, have a much more interesting message to convey. The A and R man, after all, combines those two most antithetical of qualities, a sense of esthetics and a sense of commerce. And quite often he blends the two into a successful whole. ■ Arnold Shaw, a well-known writer on jazz and the author of a recent biography of Harry Belafonte, arranged for several of the top A and R men in the recording field to air their views on various topics related to jazz. These men include: ■ John Hammond, whose work as an A and R man goes back to the early Fletcher Henderson and Billie Holiday recordings, who was instrumental in the formation of the Benny Goodman band and in the discovery of Count Basie and who is currently a record producer for Columbia. George Avakian, who stocked Columbia Records' roster with such top performers as Miles Davis, Brubeck, Duke Ellington and Mahalia Jackson and is now in charge of all pop recording at RCA Victor; Nesuhi Ertegun, whose career in jazz includes editing **The Record Changer**, running the famous Jazz Man Record Shop in L.A., teaching courses in jazz at U.C.L.A. and producing records for Contemporary, and who is currently vice-president and A and R producer of jazz platters at Atlantic Records; and Esmond Edwards, who supervises jazz sessions for Prestige Records. ■ To give the talk an authentic setting, the discussion was taped at a night spot, The Village Gate, whose vocal proprietor, Art D'Lugoff (he also manages jazz pianist Nina Simone) participated in the symposium to present the point of view and problems of the men who book jazz artists. Arnold Shaw moderated and edited the tapes for publication.

right:
Moderator
Shaw and
proprietor
D'Lugoff
below:
George
Avakian
and Nesuhi
Ertegün
bottom:
John
Hammond



the jazz makers



PHOTOGRAPH BY FLATOW



SHAW: Are there too many jazz records being made and released today?

HAMMOND: There are too many bad jazz records being made. However, we're in a different situation today than we were, let's say a year ago, because at the moment not too many jazz records are being put out. We've slowed down considerably because the market has been glutted.

SHAW: Now wouldn't that slowdown itself suggest that too many jazz records are being made?

HAMMOND: This is probably true. Also I believe that we got very faddish about the records that were put out. Record companies figured that only progressive, modern, exotic jazz had a market and forgot that there were other kinds of jazz that might reach a more general audience.

SHAW: Now suppose we

took the records released from 1955 on—and I think we would agree that recording reached a peak in these years—what percentage of the records made have lasted even up to the present?

ERTEGUN: Most haven't because they were made very carelessly. Perhaps the conditions weren't right. Maybe the musicians weren't quite ready. There are certainly a lot of bad jazz records. But I think that it is important to record jazz as much as possible. I feel, as I believe John does, that one can't make too many jazz records.

HAMMOND: I would say that too many records have been made by the same musicians. There are, as you know, some 30,000 members of local 802 in New York. But only a group of about 300 musicians do ninety per cent of all

recordings, including, even, backgrounds to vocalists. I always try, in a recording session, even in a vocal date, to have one or two brand new musicians who will stimulate other guys who are doing two and three sessions a day. I want side men who are brand new as far as the ears of the musicians themselves are concerned, as well as the public. All talent tends to get tired, jaded and bored. And some artists don't have that much to say, anyway. One of the real problems about long playing records is that they are a terrific drain on talent. In the old days, when a side was two minutes and fifty seconds or three minutes, jazzmen had a very small period in which say what they had to say. Nowadays, with the LP, soloists can extend themselves ad infinitum, and they insist

upon doing so. And most of them don't have the talent to do so.

AVAKIAN: It's a funny paradox, John, that in the late twenty's and early thirty's, when we really needed a long playing record for artists like Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry and others who could improvise brilliantly for long periods, we just didn't have it.

HAMMOND: I remember one night in a Detroit dive when Lester Young played eighty choruses of After You've Gone. It took over an hour. The most you could record then was one side of a twelve inch record—four and a half minutes.

AVAKIAN: Unfortunately, many times there will be a very fine performance on an LP—four or, at most, five minutes—and that's all that really should endure on that LP.

ERTEGUN: I think it's a

shame that in this country you can't sell ten inch LP's and you can't sell EP's, which are very popular in Europe.

HAMMOND: Well, let's all hope that the day of the seven inch 33 really comes into being because that will really help us a great deal.

SHAW: Isn't there a contradiction between the feeling you all have, and particularly Nesuhi, that jazz should be recorded as extensively as possible and the conflicting idea that only occasionally do you get a performance that's worthy of being recorded?

AVAKIAN: Perhaps you've got to do extensive recording in order to get those great moments.

SHAW: Yes, but having made the record, don't you thereafter release it even though there must be, let us say, a sneaking suspicion that much of what goes



the jazz makers

onto a thirty minute LP is the sawdust that should have been left on the floor.

ERTEGUN: I must tell you that we have all made, I am sure, a lot of records that have never been released.

I've made albums that I never planned to release because it wouldn't be fair to the musicians. Jazz is a very accidental thing.

Everything has to be right.

HAMMOND: There is the crux of the matter.

Everything has to be right.

If you have, let's say, a seven piece group with a bad drummer or a bass player who doesn't make it, or one soloist who is off...

ERTEGUN: He can be a good drummer who has a bad day.

HAMMOND: Yes, all sorts of things. And we no longer have the right of exclusion.

A name artist may have a couple of very poor musicians in his combo

who, we know, will louse up a date, and yet we are obligated to this man to put out the LP that he makes. Otherwise we may lose him. The record business is about as competitive a business as there is. I can't even begin to count the number of companies producing records. There are upwards of three hundred. I mean in the jazz and allied fields, such as rhythm and blues, and rock and roll. And I am not one of those who is snotty about rock and roll. I can't afford to be. It's produced too many good artists.

AVAKIAN: It's rather interesting that you've happened to hit a group of people, Arnold, who share that view.

HAMMOND: We're all old blues men, after all.

AVAKIAN: I think that's really the reason. We all

grew up with respect for the blues.

SHAW: Well, anyone who has lived with music and who hasn't, let us say, a vested interest in so-called good old songs is fully aware that rock and roll has elements in it which are as vital and as healthy as elements in earlier pop traditions.

AVAKIAN: Well, Arnold, I think you might have hit upon it in the phrase 'vested interest.' Many well-known personalities in the business today are very outspoken in hating rock and roll.

But that's because, whether they realize it or not, it's taking money out of their pockets and prestige out of their reputations.

SHAW: As four very active producers of jazz records, how would you describe the A and R man's function in the jazz field?

ERTEGUN: I think that the (turn to page 61)

(continued from page 22)
feminine graces. ● Maybe you'll find the guy to marry soon. Your intimate friends tell you to hang around Candlestick Park and hook a bachelor ball player and substitute the vicarious for the real. ● Or maybe you'll find a young prospect on a farm, and be the perfect mate.





You'll play catch in the back yard of your home, and you'll sharpen your eye to the point at which you can judge a slider, curve, screw ball or changeup. You'll call balls and strikes for your spike-adorned Adonis and you'll make yourself the most pleasant umpire that ever crouched behind the plate. ● On those

long bus treks through the minors you'll cheer from half empty stands and you'll provide that sorely needed feminine touch. ● You won't mind because some day, you know, he'll make it big, so big that Mantle and Maris' names will be forgotten. And your name will still be Pat. And you'll be batting .1000.





humor . . . RICHARD M. GORDON

When the good ship Aphrodite went down with all hands in shallow water off Vera Cruz, the Lutine Bell, which is rung in case of loss of insured property, was sounded at Lloyd's of London, and the underwriters unquestioningly paid out the full amount for which ship and cargo had been insured. They then organized a salvage operation to recover

what they could from the bottom, for once the insurance has been paid, title to a wreck passes from the original owners, and all salvable assets become the property of the underwriters of the policy.

It would take a Conrad or a Jack London to do justice to the drama and excitement of the salvage of the Aphrodite; it is a story of hurricanes and man-eating sharks and shark-eating men, a tale of human

violence and the cruel forces of nature, a saga of the viciousness of man and of his heroism. It is not, however, the story I intend to tell here.

My story is about a nice young New Yorker from Dubuque. Her name was Sally Kimball, and she made her living by undressing in public. She lived in a women's club type of hotel where no man, not even a father or a brother or a doting uncle from Dubuque, is allowed to

For this kind of insurance, the lady had to prove

(a) that she wanted to, and (b) that she had two,

in order to secure . . . **double indemnity**

get beyond the first floor. This didn't bother Sally as much as it did some of her admirers because she didn't have a father or a brother or a doting uncle and because she wasn't the sort of girl to let a fellow get beyond first anyway.

Her story is typical of thousands—hundreds?—well, perhaps a few girls in her line of work. She was the living embodiment of those algebraic puzzles which flat-chested junior high school teachers like to inflict on their suffering pupils: if Sally is twenty years old, and her waistline equals her age, and her bust doubles it, and her exquisitely rounded hips are in gorgeous proportion to both waist and bust; how old is Anne? You remember the sort of thing. Anyway, Sally just naturally drifted into show business.

At first, she had the wildly inappropriate job of straight (!) man (!) to a magician in a small Fifty-Second Street night club called "The Godiva," which couldn't afford much in the way of costumes. She was supposed to hand him things and to divert the attention of the audience while he performed his "Incredible Illusions." She did what she was supposed to do so well that one night a pair of rabbits jumped unbidden from the magician's hat and did what rabbits are famous for in the middle of a ringside table, and *nobody noticed*. Her employer, realizing that he had been performing in Sally's shadow, so to speak, fired her. The management of "The Godiva," realizing that Godiva had her money on the wrong horse, as it were, fired him, and from then on, Sally went on solo.

Now to be a success as an interpretive dancer, a girl needs a gimmick. Sally couldn't twirl tassels or provide a roosting place for doves; all she could do was to take off her clothes and look perfectly breathtaking while doing it. This should have been enough, but the management wanted more.

"The Godiva's" publicity man came up with an idea. He was a bright young lad named Petey Barnum, and he had had ideas about Sally (strictly honorable, object matrimony) for some time, but he was studying law daytimes at N.Y.U., and "The Godiva" paid him in corned beef sandwiches, beer and carfare. Sally would have been willing, but her salary wasn't much bigger than the costumes she wore, and Petey wasn't the kind to let his wife work anyhow.

Petey's idea wasn't particularly startling or original: other clubs had insured the assets of other girls, but it hadn't been done for a while on Fifty-Second Street, and the premiums weren't very high because, after all, what could possibly happen to a girl's assets? Photostats of twin policies for ten thousand dollars appeared with Sally's photograph in the glass-fronted frame outside "The Godiva's" door, and a sign boasted that she was the only girl on the street who was covered from the waist up by Lloyd's of London.

Some of the columnists picked the story up, and although Sally did no more than she had done before, business boomed. Sally got a five dollar raise, and Petey began to get lettuce and tomato with his corned beef sandwiches.

During the day, while Petey was in class, Sally didn't have much to do. She spent most of her time sight-seeing around New York—Rockefeller Center, the Empire State Building, things like that. She learned lots of interesting things, not the least important of which was that it is more comfortable for a girl with a figure like hers to back into an elevator full of men than to walk into it frontways. (In the Mediterranean, incidentally, Spain and Italy in particular, this is not so; the Senores and Signores are rather backward, and a girl is safer facing them. In America, however, she should turn the other cheek; Americans, conditioned as they are by Mother, Mansfield and Monroe, believe that the quickest way to a girl's heart is by the nearest external feature.)

One afternoon Sally backed confidently into a crowded elevator to the observation platform of the Empire State Building. It was one of her favorite places; one could meet almost everybody from Dubuque there sooner or later. One of her fellow passengers may have been a fundamentalist, a hipster, or perhaps just a Latin. In any case, Sally shot forward, and the elevator doors foreclosed on her assets with a muffled crash. The Lutine Bell was sounded at Lloyd's of London.

In due course, Sally received a check for twenty thousand dollars and was released from the hospital. Her chest was still serviceable, but it was no longer commercially valuable. She was replaced at "The Godiva" by a jockey who told dirty stories.

"The Godiva's" loss was Petey's gain; he and Sally got married. They could afford it now, and Petey, after all, was at least partly responsible for the twenty thousand dollars.

They honeymooned at Niagara Falls. After supper on the first night, they went to their room. Sally smiled sweetly, and, before the smallest audience she had ever played to, shyly performed that most graceful of all feminine gestures—she reached behind her and unhooked her bra.

At that very moment, the door was thrown open.

"I'm from Lloyd's of London," said a man in a bowler hat. "I've come to take charge of the salvable assets."



"Yes, this is Algonquin 5673."

OO

PUB-LICLY YOURS

(Continued from page 5)

when he wasn't feeling up to snuff, he hied himself over to his favorite medical man for a checkup.

The disciple of Hippocrates gave him the once-over and the double-o and shook his head. Said Mr. Sawbones: "Mr. Villanyi, I'm happy to inform you that you couldn't be in better health. But I have one suggestion for you to overcome your current listlessness. I suggest you spend three or four afternoons a week—taking long walks."

(No, Bela didn't hit him with his strings. He whipped it out of its case and swung with some real gone *tsigane*.)

Hungarian baritone Carlo Hatvany, who also doubles as a greeter, is also on tap to boom out pleasing Old Worlders. Carlo, who appeared on the American stage in one of the "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Kid Boots," spent seventeen years with the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

A young gentleman who was accorded the title of U. S. Virtuoso Accordion Champion, George Havas, also offers thrilling musical gymnastics. Havas is one of the lucky ones. He got out of Hungary before they dropped the Iron Curtain on him.

The shows are changed from time to time but such continental favorites as Mariana Doro, of the Richard Opera in Paris, and Freddie and Dottie Davidson, husband-wife piano-and-song duo, keep returning.

The Grinzingers are real democratic. They even allow an American on the tiny stage occasionally. One of the shows I saw there had a young man named Frank Bartel crooning a raft of Yankee Doodlers like "Lady

Is a Tramp," "My Funny Valentine" and "All the Way," tunes which come right out of Frank Sinatra's repertoire.

That isn't so strange because Bartel is a cousin of the man called by his fellow Rat Packers the "Chairman of the Board."

The Grinzing Cafe also boasts that it is the longest operating Hungarian supper club in New York City.

Some of the other Mittel Europa spas in the area—and I'll get to them if Guinevere comes East to remind me—include the Viennese Lantern, House of Vienna, Chardas, Golden Steer and Roma di Notte, the latter a Roman feasting hall complete with violin trimmings.

Which reminds me: Maybe I ought to be the one to help Guinevere put the trimmings on her Christmas tree this year. It'll be real *gemutliche*. Yes, real *gemutliche*.

OO

RING OUT WILD BELLES

(Continued from page 32)

Another television episode recently treated Cattle Kate with sympathy, showing her as a "hard-boiled rancher with a heart of gold." But the truth was that ranching was not her primary profession. She worked in the special services field and made these services available to the cattlemen during the winter months on the proviso that they ante up the "mantle money, honey" when they made their spring drives. For the most part, they paid off with cattle, thus providing Cattle Kate with a good sized herd. This would have worked out fine for everyone had the ranchers'

wives not passed Kate's herd enroute to town. Why, they demanded, did her cattle carry so many different brands? Husbands pleaded innocent, suggesting that Kate must have stolen them. All right, said the wives, why isn't she arrested and tried for cattle stealing? Not one husband could find a sensible answer, so Cattle Kate, sadly, was arrested and so charged.

Her attorney shrewdly packed the jury with cattlemen who had availed themselves of her services. It was obvious the attorney would stop at nothing short of an expose so a "private agreement" was reached whereby a "collection" was taken up to match the amount the herd was worth. This was given to Kate as a going away (far away, they hoped) present after she was found guilty and "floated" out of the city limits.

By this time, Cattle Kate had a taste of ranch life and she liked it. When she arrived at Casper, Wyoming, where she decided to settle, she did not bother to provide a personal service in exchange for cattle. She simply stole them and herded them into a blind box canyon for re-branding. The cattlemen were considerably shook up with this activity and decided to put an end to Kate's thieving days.

There was a small army in the posse that marched into the canyon, took Kate into custody, held a three minute trial, found her guilty and hanged her from a branch of the only tree in the entire area. This was one Western event that was well documented, for reporters from as far away as Cheyenne were on hand and their on-the-scene reports are available today. One paper, the *Casper Mail* announced the event with this banner:

"THEY HANGED KATE HIGH!"

And a subhead below the banner line read:

"She Really Didn't Kick Much"

Then a sub sub-banner added:

"Sort of Hated to See Old Kate Go"

But go she did and her demise in 1888 somehow ended the era of wild, wild women of the old, old West. Or at least until television found a gold mine in the old skeletons, dug 'em up, cleaned them well and offered them as "family audience" a hundred years, more or less, later. Thus, considerably muffled, the Wild Belles still ring.

OO





Mr. Arbuthnot (the cliché expert)—Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh, O-o-o- . . .

Q—Hello, Mr. Arbuthnot. You seem to be in a holiday mood.

A—I am. God rest you.

Q—Why, thanks. God rest **you**. Let nothing you dismay.

A—Was there **ever** such a goose!

Q—Who? Me?

A—No, no, no. I'm only quoting from Dickens's **Christmas Carol**.

Q—You sound as though you planned to celebrate Christmas this year, come hell, high water or taxes.

A—I don't celebrate Christmas, I **keep** it. Christmas isn't what it used to be, though, when I was a boy.

Q—It isn't?

A—No, it's been commercialized. This present-giving has become a racket. I like a good, old-fashioned Christmas. Oh, I do hope we have a white Christmas this year.

Q—Why?

A—Because Christmas doesn't seem like Christmas without snow on the ground. A green Christmas makes a fat church yard. Hark!

Q—What? What is it?

A—I thought I heard a herald angel sing.

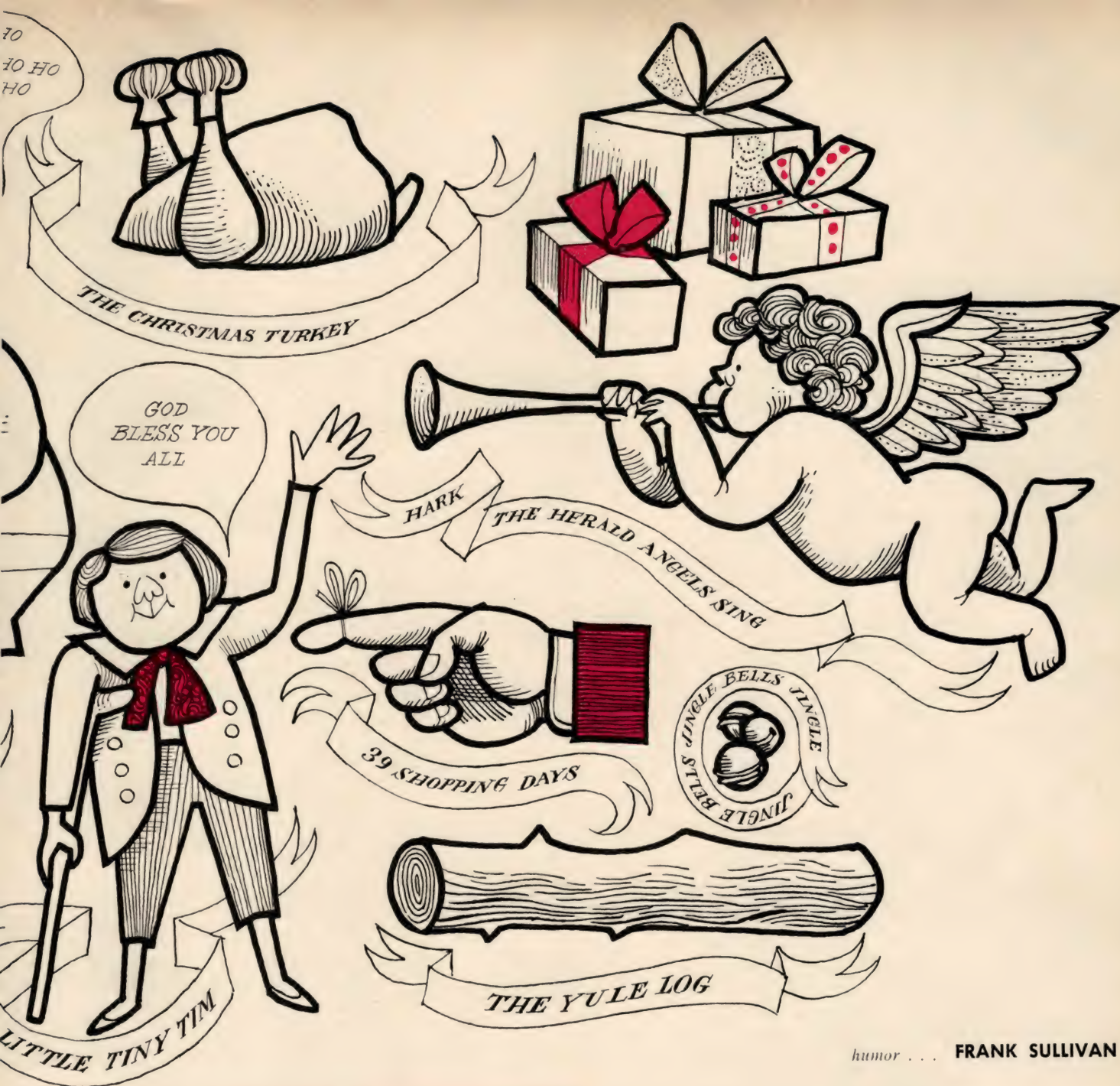
Q—Oh, it's just the doorman being polite before Christmas.

A—Do you know what I don't hear stirring?

Q—No, what?

A—Not a creature, not even a mouse.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Dr. Arbuthnot, and his



humor . . . FRANK SULLIVAN

Christmas Bonus: YULETIDE CLICHES

Q—Is there a Santa Claus, Mr. Arbuthnot?

A—Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Santa Claus.

Q—Did you write to him?

A—Sure did.

Q—What did you tell him?

A—I told him I was a good boy.

Q—Why?

A—'Cause if I'm a bad boy, Santa won't leave anything in my stocking 'cept a piece of coal.

Q—When do you good boys start being good?

A—December first.

Q—When did you do your Christmas shopping?

A—Early.

Q—Why?

A—Because there are only 39 more days before Christmas.

Q—Did you do much Christmas shopping?

A—No. I can't afford to spend much on Christmas this year. I'm just getting a few presents for the children. After all, Christmas is for children, not for grown-ups.

Q—Did you buy a present for me?

A—Frankly, no.

Q—Why not?

A—Well, it's so hard to know what to *get* you. You've got everything.

(turn to page 74)

year-end bromides may well outlast Santa

If you're following the sun this winter you'll probably find it inextricably mixed with surf, salt and spray, and it behooves you to go garbed appropriately. You might want to make a really big splash, in which case you'll be intrigued by the sweater below, worn by Count Albert Carlo. You've never seen anything like it. It's a special preview of an Italian hit not as yet for sale in this country. It's a bulky pure silk straw tweed, and will retail for over \$100. If you *are* intrigued and want to beat the crowd, write to Martin Bayer, care of *The Dude*, and he will order it for you specially.

The young lady's binoculars, (opposite page) will focus on nothing more interesting than the sport shirt worn by her companion. This is a new look popular now at St. Tropez, adapted for this side of the ocean by fashion specialist Bayer. It's the buccaneer style, and the material is rugged cotton



DO GO NEAR THE WATER







denim chambray. Military buckles on the shoulder epaulets and pockets give the shirt a "trench coat" look. About \$8.75.

Cottage-to-cottage socializing is a big part of the fun to be had near the water. The man-about-the-dunes, Miles Frehim (opposite page, top), proclaims his interest in fun with his casual cardigan of fine knit classic design.

Designed by Martin Bayer, produced by Thane, the sweater will cost about \$20.00. Available at Mr. Guy, Los Angeles, California, Anthonie's, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the Red Barn, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A cottage window makes a good blind from which to view the watery scene. And if anyone asks you what you're doing, say you're working. Your proof can be your gentleman's work shirt (opposite page, lower left) adapted by Bayer for the American scene in cranberry denim with robust double stitching. The Spanish shepherd's belt will also demonstrate that you mean business. The shirt is by Rich Guild and costs about \$7.95 at Field Brothers, Brooklyn, New York, Jay Briggs, San Francisco, California, and Paul Bennett Ltd., Washington, D.C.

Another work shirt gone glamorous is the Safari Shirt (opposite page, lower right). With convertible collar, railroad stitching, rugged carry-all breast pockets, it's the perfect foil for white cotton slacks. Also by Rich Guild, it retails at about \$7.95 at Casual-Aire, Las Vegas, Nevada, the Red Barn, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the Stagg Shop, Coral Gables, Florida.

And when you've done with casing the passing scene and are ready to sally forth, you don the forest green blazer shown on this page. Every detail is right—the material is light weight orlon-wool, the cut is double-breasted but very trim, the buttons are metal. By Cricketeer, and

you buy it at Grodin's, Oakland, California, The Madison Shop (Rubenstein Brothers) New Orleans, Louisiana, or Gentry, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for about \$39.95.

In Spain the water is mainly on the plain, but the Spanish have dreamed up some fine waterside wear, like these two coats.



Left is a leisure coat in cotton twill with inverted back pleats and rugged stitched pockets. At right is a natural tan loafer coat in fine cotton gabardine. Every buttonhole is leather-lined, as are the pockets. Both coats are by Cortefiel d'Espana; the leisure coat about \$25.00 and the loafer coat about \$22.95. They're available at Gentry, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, The Red Barn, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Pincus Company, San Antonio, Texas.

When you "arrive" at the water, don't forget to send us a postcard.

gives the appearance of being a little miffed.

In the midst of his free form enthusiasm for shaping people's thinking about everything from the status of Negroes to the erotic possibilities of armpit hair, he may find room for one splendid newish routine, an impersonation of Cardinal Spellman and Bishop Sheen that will probably undergo the ontogeny that all his other routines have gone through; that is to say, it will grow, change, shrink and finally emerge as a polished piece—at which point he will discard it.

One religious prelate tells another that two of the world's most venerated prophets have just walked in and are sitting in the back.

"Are you sure it's them?"

"I've just seen them in pictures, but yes, I'm sure."

"I'm so nervous! . . ."

And so on, the remarks becoming more and more specific as he goes on. Then Lenny becomes other voices in the congregation. "Yes, they can fly . . . I understand he brought a very attractive Jewish boy down with him . . . Can you put him up at your place? Of course they're white!"

Lepers start to pour through the doorway, and an usher asks in a silken whine, "Sir, would you mind taking off that bell?"

"Which ones are they, exactly?"

"In the back row. The ones that are glowing."

Lenny is Emancipated, and everybody better know it.

But on too many occasions in recent engagements, in trying to point out that people are both good and bad (an ambivalence he had seemed to take pretty much for granted heretofore), Lenny lapses into heavy-footed sociological jargon. In stating—quite seriously, and possibly correctly—that *Psycho* is more meretricious than a stag film (because killing is even worse than fornication, when you stop to think about it), he describes the act of murder as "a blatant deterrent to life." Mixed in with such sociological-type ponderosities, and with his little-boy delight in dirty words, and his frequently expository nervousness at our mores, Lenny will try to convey flashes of the poignant, natural sense of the sweet possibilities of life that have characterized his

appearances in past years. But by now he seems to labor the issue. In attempting to describe the pain he had endured after a recent operation on his hip, he spoke of hallucinations; he thought he was surely dying. With considerable wonderment, he said he had actually blacked out, a phenomenon he had never believed in. He worked to explain his real feelings, without benefit of satire—and they came out as something very like a cliché. His effort to express the pathetic significance he attaches to a rock-and-roll song about a flower growing through a crack in the pavement gets embarrassingly entangled with Truth, Beauty and the Puerto Rican Situation. Jimmy Savo it is not.

As comic material, abstract philosophical concepts are not exactly Silly Putty. They are unwieldy. They do not give off a funny echo.

True, Lenny's devotion to trivia will save him, for a while at least. "You're really rich, really *used* to money, when you can throw away that red velvet box the Longine-Wittnauer came in." In impersonating the militantly adjusted Jew who is asked, "What time is it?" he draws himself proudly erect and answers, "Yeah, I'm Jewish!" He can even beat Bob Hope at one-liners, claiming to have worked a small town club managed and patronized by such colossal hicks that the dinner show was held up while everyone waited for the Jello to harden.

But despite these sterling glimmers, the impression of one long-time admirer is that Lenny has become bored and impatient with being an entertainer. He is searching for something these nights, and what an artist is seeking is seldom as interesting to others as the use he makes of what he has already found. And, unlike other comics who do the same routines over and over again for years,

what he has found no longer seems to interest him, even if it is profitable.

Perhaps it is significant that his concert hall appearances often begin at midnight on Saturday and continue well into the Sabbath. Someone may ordain him yet.



LOVE FOR SIX BROCCOLIS

(Continued from page 13)

behind that kept slipping out at the pool all afternoon. Anything you did and out she came. You probably don't even know how good things like that are, but it's pure craziness to me. You couldn't even budge without 'er slipping right out there, finishing me right off for the day."

"I'm not sure I can even listen to things as delicious as that," the nurse said, shivering in closer to Mr. Lorsy. The film was nearing its end. With most of the cast dead, the deacon and the homeowner's daughter began to stride up a mountain toward the sun, angelic lift music breaking out above their heads. The nurse snuffled with tears and Mr. Lorsy said, "I know what you mean about it. If you don't go applying Eisenstein standards to it and just relax, why then on its own terms it really isn't bad. I can even understand crying, although I'm not with it to that extent. Hey, I said all those things last time."

Out in his car now, in the PX parking lot, Mr. Lorsy dug his head into the fragrance of the snuffling nurse's tangled blonde hair. "*Continuez*," she said through her tears. "*Continuez* all the way. I'm not to water-ski but I do it anyway. I'm not to mountain climb but I'm scaling great heights anyway. Dancing's forbidden, too, but just watch me when the cha-chas begin. So *continuez*."

(turn over)

A bass buzzing bee in Palmetto
Took a slash from a peasant's stiletto.
More dead than alive
He returned to his hive;
Now he's buzzing in purest falsetto.

—EISENBERG AND GORDON

"Why are you not to do those things?" asked Mr. Lorsy, sitting up now. "Oh hell, I'm beginning to remember."

"It's because of my lungs. I've got one down and there's badness in the other. So *continuez*, I'll not resist. The doctors have only given me another ten years, seventeen at the very most."

"Oh hell, it's all come back now. You poor kid. I sure as hell am not going to *continuez* with a girl who's only got ten to go, seventeen at most. Funny how it just cancels what kept falling out at the pool. That tears it, all right. Let's just drive somewhere. I'll get you home for some rest. I remember this deal all right. This one kept me thrashing around all right, and I don't see that things have changed a bit."

They drove out the main gate and when they passed a hot dog stand, Mr. Lorsy said, "I'm ashamed, but I can eat now. Can you go one with an orange drink?"

"I'm not to go near them, but I do everything anyway. Tomorrow morning I start scuba diving, the very worst thing you can go into. Let me just run out of the car and run back with a couple of dogs. Running's bad for me, too."

Mr. Lorsy waited in gloom and, when she sprinted back to the car, he got what was really his first look at her face in the cruel light of the hot dog stand. There were small lines he hadn't noticed about her eyes and lips.

"I didn't see those the last time," said Mr. Lorsy as she got in the car and began laying on the sauerkraut. "A teen-ager you're not. I like a mature doll, but how the hell old are you, late thirties?"

"Thirty-eight," she said. "But I started things so late in life I feel like a little girl now. I'm going to squeeze in everything because of what's going on in the old chest."

He could tell by the way she'd averted her eyes she'd lopped off at least six years, which would bring her up to forty-four. If the doctors were right it meant she'd expire at fifty-four and if she got the full seventeen it meant she wouldn't go till age sixty-one, damned near the national average. "What the hell's wrong with me?" he hollered. With that, Mr. Lorsy tore the car away from the stand and sped through the night with the nurse screaming, "Stop, stop, *ne continuez pas*," and

when he finally parked again at secluded Lieutenant's Lane, twelve miles from the base, and pressed his head against her matronly but lovely bosom, she fell back suppliantly against the glove compartment and whispered in his ear, "I only wanted to pile on more mustard."

After a week-end break, Mr. Lorsy straightened out the remaining ones in four subsequent evenings, topping off the whole deal with a violent-hipped Slenderella instructress who'd worn complicated undergarments on their rendezvous and given him a six-minute deadline to unravel her or it was no go. His new dexterity working in high gear, Mr. Lorsy sneaked by under the wire that night, and after tumbling back to his room, the last clump gone and all his old affairs tidied up, he settled back in bed for what promised to be his first comfortable, thrashless night in years. But, oddly enough, thrash he did, and at two in the morning Lorsy found himself dressing and slinking out through the streets till he came to a bar he'd never noticed before called Bobbo's. Inside he ordered double Scotches, and began to talk to a male model who said, "I'm taking my stand at an all-across-smile. Jeffers, my agent, said I was too small so I put on elevators. He didn't like my arms so I lifted barbells until they shaped up. This toupee was his idea and I capped my teeth to improve my smile, all except two of them. He wants them capped, too, for an all-across smile, but I think a man should take a stand somewhere, and he's not getting my bicuspids."

"I got this can they put out that lets you go back over all your old messed-up seductions and really put them over," said Mr. Lorsy. "It's not a bad gimmick, but you know, now that I've gotten them all straightened out, I've got to ask myself what have I really done. The whole thing was rigged by the company. All I had to do was swallow a sprout and go through the motions. Any idiot could have made out."

"You don't want to hear my story," said the male model, getting up from the table. "You just want to tell your story." He stormed out, and Mr. Lorsy turned to the bartender. "What did I really accomplish? I'm not proud of anything I've done in the last eight nights. All right, I'm letting you in on a secret because you're a bartender and I'm not com-

ing in here any more. Seductions gone awry? There was only one in my whole life that *didn't* go awry. I mean I only made out once really in my whole life. It was a girl named Andrea, Any-Hour Andrea they called her, and that was about the story. I knew at least twenty-two guys who'd been with her and I figure seventeen were telling the truth. She was a little crazy that way, but I don't care. All I know is I really got her, at my friend Sheldon's house, all by myself. I'm not counting these last six the company arranged. I'm never going to count them. The only one that means anything is Andrea. She's the only one I'm going to count."

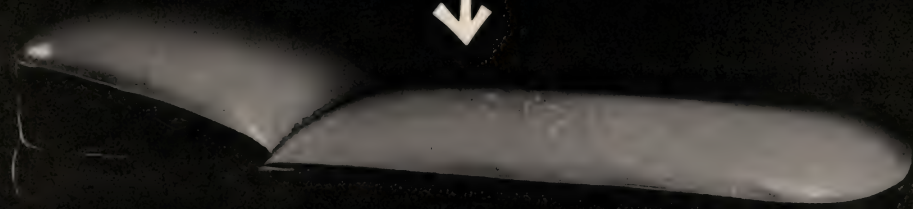
The bartender wheeled around for a new bottle of Scotch, and Mr. Lorsy said, "Hey, what are you wearing under that apron? What kind of bartender wears a bikini like that? Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm not anybody," said the bartender.

"Oh yes you are," said Mr. Lorsy. "There's only one person who looks that way in a bikini. Bobbo's. Roberto. I should have known. I'm reporting you for taking a spare time job, which I'll bet is against company rules."

"You never should have said that," said the bartender, snapping the elastic of his bikini. With that, the Whisperin' Jack Smith record playing on the jukebox began to roar in Mr. Lorsy's ears and, in the most savage set of tumbles yet, he emerged in his friend Sheldon's apartment, all of the guests gone, Sheldon asleep in the living room and Andrea in his arms again. "Greatness," said Mr. Lorsy. "This is the only one I'll ever count. This is the only one I really did by myself." With that, his hand found the small of her waist and in a set of motions he remembered as he remembered the lyrics of America, he guided her trembling form to the carpet. "Woops, almost got me," she said, suddenly tumbling out of his grasp and beginning to comb her hair. "That was a close one. You've had it, though. I'm about to become Mrs. Andrea Devoileau, wife of a cultural minister to the United Nations. I shop at the same supermarket you do. You're consummating yours? Well, I'm going back and undoing all of mine."

THE CASTING COUCH



PHOTOGRAPHED BY VIC GREEN

**No matter how many angles,
and regardless of the bait, the
theatrical fisherman never
casts his couch upon the
waters . . .**

satire . . . ROBERT G. ELLIOTT

The other evening, being sated with the succession of low bars and boozing dens I had been frequenting of late, and deciding to drink fully of the esthetic cup, I presented myself at the wicket of one of those exquisite cinema palaces that scar 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues. I had haughtily by-passed such attractions as "I Was A Teen-age Deviate," "Mother's Blood Bath," and "Phallic

Cymbal Player—The Heart warming Story of Tim, the Degenerate Percussionist," and had laid my ninety-five cents down for a travelogue called "Around The World On My Back," starring a full-blown witch sporting a forty inch bust (the censors hadn't gotten around to air-brushing her cleavage in the stills) and named Chastity Ventura. Her face was vaguely familiar, but as I

slid into my seat, I dismissed any va- grant thoughts that I knew her as simply being part of a continuous paranoid dream image.

But imagine my surprise when Chastity burst upon the screen in Vista Vision, her breasts enlarged to six feet across, for I realized with a start that it *was* indeed the same provocative minx I had known in Atlantic City in my salad days; an illiterate lady just off the boat from Marrakech and pursued by Interpol. Feeling a protective urge, as well as being knocked out by her gorgeous body, I had taken her into my home, given her food and shelter, and, in a fatherly manner, had alternately clothed and unclothed her, much to her girlish delight. Six months later, she had left me to go on her own—a fine, liling figure of a girl, possessed of new skills and my entire bank roll, which she had pilfered while I was out lining up customers for her.

I knew it was she because I could detect the still livid scars of two fang marks I had left on her pectoralis major in a fit of pique, and which no amount of pancake make-up (and she looked *good* in pancakes) could cover up. Curious to know how such a knot-head had achieved her star status, I found later in a trade paper that she was in town to plug a picture, or to be plugged, or some such show biz term, and upon calling her at her hotel, was invited up, as she put it with a giggle, “for old fang’s sake.”

Upon presenting myself, I was directed to a sumptuous suite in one of the poshest hostelrys (swankest hotels) in town, and was greeted by a luscious, well stacked redhead, who served me a cocktail and announced coyly that she was Chastity’s husband. Murmuring to myself, ‘That’s show biz,’ I picked up a copy of *Yale Review*, and was idly thumbing through it when Chastity herself swept into the room on a cloud of Fleur de Rocaille and Lysol. She was also stark naked. Realizing her gaffe by my amused stares, she blushed prettily, and murmuring, ‘That’s show biz,’ she withdrew, returning seconds later appropriately clothed in a pair of transparent opera tights and pasties. “Love to be comfy-boo, sweets,” she said with her tinkling laugh; “Care to take off your clothes?” I explained that my inhibitions forbade such interesting practices (I am a member of an obscure sect known as The Fully Cloth-

ed Adventists), and I immediately asked her about her climb to stardom, as well as about the money she had stolen from me.

“Really, Bobby-poo, I didn’t climb at all” she tinkled, ignoring the money bit, “I got there on my back.”

Intrigued, I pressed her for details (noting that her flesh was delightfully yielding), and she launched enthusiastically into the crimson tale of her rise to the top, which made me realize, as her tail unfolded, that she had placed sole reliance on one piece of furniture on her way up—The Casting Couch.

Thinking that there may be some aspiring thespians out there—and there—and there—I have taken the liberty of presenting my notes in the form of a series of flamboyant little sketches so that you may be better able to understand the various attacks used in getting an aspiring and pliant girl onto the Casting Couch. The modes of approach, or, to quote Aeschylus the *modus operandi*, of the various producers, seducers, etc., are as varied as the thoughts of a writer who has a Greek dramatist quoting Latin, but for those interested in the technique of The Couch, I give you the experiences of Chastity. In all cases, men can be substituted for women. I have only deleted some of Chastity’s coarser remarks, which I have had privately printed and will sell to you at an extremely unrealistic price.

THE EARTHY APPROACH:

The scene is the ornate office of Jasper Fornique, shrewd, lewd, crewd head of Pornopix Films. Chastity enters. She is wide-eyed, breathless, naive. It is her first time in the Big City, and this is her Big Chance.

JASPER: (Spits on floor) Ah, there, Miss Ventura. Good morning. How are you? What size are your breasts? Welcome to Pornopix. I have the needs and the wants of a man.

CHASTITY: Good morning, sir. Forty. Thank you. You do?

JASPER: Yes, I do. Forty, eh? Well, nothing like a C-cup of tea for two for breakfast. Have you dined?

CHASTITY: No, but I ate.

JASPER: Stupid, too. Miss Ventura—may I call you Chastity?

CHASTITY: Certainly.

JASPER: Fine. You may call me Jass. A corruption of jazz.

CHASTITY: What has that to do

with my contract, my dear sir? . . .

JASPER: Jazz? You kiddin’? Tell me—do you sleep naked?

CHASTITY: Sir!

JASPER: Don’t be embarrassed, little one. I like to know my people. Down to their skin. I sleep naked. I’m earthy.

CHASTITY: (coyly) So do I sir, and I’m airy.

JASPER: Make-up will cover that. Well, that’s one object removed. Or rather, two. Now, about the part you want in “When The Explosion Blew Out The Window Frame, It Carried The Window Washer Sixty-six Stories To The Street,” or, “Gone With The Window.”

CHASTITY: Oh, sir! Any litty-poo, bitty-poo part will doody just dandy—doo! A walk on—or even a walk off would titillate me no end.

JASPER: (slobbering) Would *what*?

CHASTITY: Titillate. Forty.

JASPER: I see. Have you thought of the female lead?

CHASTITY: Why, no, sir.

JASPER: The hell you haven’t. O.K., dolly-poo. It’s yours. But there are conditions.

CHASTITY: How many?

JASPER: One. You go to bed with me. On the Casting Couch. Now. I got needs.

CHASTITY: You’ll be gentle, won’t you, Harold?

JASPER: Gad! Your premiere?

CHASTITY: Ye Gads, man—come off it! I mean my first time in Hollywood. I just got here an hour ago.

JASPER: Let’s go, baby. I got needs. Leave your C-cups in the sink. The maid will clean up.

THE SUAVE APPROACH:

The office of Derrick Magnet—producer of Luxpix Films, and a man with a lot of pull. He is lean, saturnine, bronzed and burnished. He is impeccably dressed, redolent of an exotic scent, with curled lip and moustache—*enfine*, The City Slicker.

DERRICK: (Rising) My *dear* Miss Ventura. How gracious of you to come! Thrice welcome to my humble abode, furnished in rococo splendor by Bill Pahlman. Have you breakfasted as yet?

CHASTITY: Yes sir. A donut and a double Scotch.

DERRICK: You little devil! A truly Continental Breakfast. Care for another double? It helps.

CHASTITY: Helps who?

DERRICK: Mez a mez. And now I suppose you would like to discuss a part for you in my upcoming epic, "If Arthur Kopit Keeps Falling Over Ionesco's Chairs, Will Mrs. Rosepettle Settle For The Kettle," or, "Everything's Coming Up Noses?"

CHASTITY: *Naturellement.*

DERRICK: Ah! I see you have a Gallic tongue in your pretty head, located just north of a gorgeous pair of lush breasts.

CHASTITY: Are we to discuss my anatomy, sir, or my part?

DERRICK: (Roguishly) Let's talk about them both, pussy cat. What part do you have in mind?

CHASTITY: Well, I know what part *you* have in mind, but as for me—oh, coo, sir! Any little thing that will bring me to the attention of the big brass and assure me of a contract for at least a million bucks a flicker.

DERRICK: I see you are not the demanding type, Chastity. How about the female lead?

CHASTITY: Oh, sir—that's *too* much for little me to tackle.

DERRICK: You're damn right it is, chicken . . . *BUT*—it can be arranged.

CHASTITY: Gee Willikers, sir! How can I ever thank you, besides going to bed with you—which I believe is what you have in mind?

DERRICK: (Icily) Please, Chastity—don't be so vulgar. You make it sound positively sordid.

CHASTITY: Sorry. Truly sorry. Real sorry.

DERRICK: Forget it *cara mia*. I've forgiven you already. But I really must insist on a personal audition.

CHASTITY: Here?

DERRICK: Right here. I want to see how deeply you feel your part—how you protrude—I mean, project—how you come across.

CHASTITY: (Wearily) In the standard manner. O.K. Shall we start now?

DERRICK: You seem a bit distraught—or distraught, *ma cherie*. A trifle degage. Now if you feel any reluctance at—

CHASTITY: Look, Mr. Magnet—do me a favor, will you? Just shut up and help me with this zipper?

THE FATHERLY APPROACH

The scene is the office of J. Fatherly Levenson, myopic, rotund, fatherly father-type producer of Kleenpix, The Pictures That Leave A Clean

Taste In Your Mouth—Even Between Your Teeth. He is at his fatherly desk when Guess Who enters.

MR. LEVENSON: (Arising) My dear Miss Ventura! How wonderful to see you—and you're right on time, too. Have you had breakfast yet? Or can I get you some milk and cookies?

CHASTITY: What in he—. No, sir, thank you sir. I've had breakfast.

MR. LEVENSON: No doubt a good hot cereal and milk to give you that rosy glow—and that fine figure. Oh, don't cover your legs, child. I regard the body of a woman as a sacred, frail vessel—but they are a wild pair of stems.

CHASTITY: About the part, sir.

MR. LEVENSON: To be sure. You sweet child, you! Now what have you in mind? Perhaps the part of Zelda, the Rolled Beef Checker at the factory? That's a meaty part.

CHASTITY: Well—I was thinking a few cuts higher, sir.

MR. LEVENSON: A few cuts—say, your legs are *gorgeous* when your skirt rides up, little child. A better role, eh? Come, let us sit on the couch. It's much more fatherly. Would you like to sit on my lap? You remind me so of my little girl! She's such a doll, too.

CHASTITY: Right out of Kraft-Ebing, like. Do you think it's prop-

er that I sit on your lap, sir? . . .

MR. LEVENSON: Proper? Bless you—of course! There. Comfy? Such a sweet child! Mind if a fatherly old man gives you a fatherly little pat—here? Gads, child! You *are* put together!

CHASTITY: Then I get the part?

MR. LEVENSON: Part? Part? Hell, you can have my happy home and bank roll. Just move over a little so I can—

CHASTITY: Like this?

MR. LEVENSON: Perfect. How does this damn zipper work, sugar?

CHASTITY: Down—as usual.

THE PURE BUSINESS APPROACH

The office of Lenny Vulture, producer of Fleshpot Pix—Films With A Lure. Lenny is riffling through a collection of "pictures" as Miss Available enters.

LENNY: Hi baby. You're Chastity Ventura. Siddown.

CHASTITY: Thank you, sir. I have my publicity—

LENNY: Forget it. Listen, kid—I'll level with you. You want a part—a *good* part in this picture?

CHASTITY: Oh, sir—I'd love one! Just a—

LENNY: O.K. So I'll make you a deal—cold and flat. Take it or leave it—no offense. There's a million babes around, but I got a yen to (turn over)



THE DUDE

"I collect erotica."

roam through your dimensions. . . .
CHASTITY: Let's have it, Mr. Vulture.

LENNY: I'll have it if you say yes. Here's the pitch. You take off them spikes and lay down on the Couch for a preliminary rehearsal. You get the contract, and we have a matinee every day.

CHASTITY: I'll buy the whole drape, Mr. Vulture, with one exception.

LENNY: Which is?

CHASTITY: A matinee a day is O.K., but never on Saturday.

LENNY: Never on Saturday? So you trying to upstage Mercouri? What's wrong with never on Sunday?

CHASTITY: My inhibitions, again. Gotta keep Saturday clean.

LENNY: *Sholem.*

CHASTITY: *Aleichem.* The zipper zips down.

THE NOBLE APPROACH:

The office of Pierre Pious, producer of Soul Flame Pix—The Films With a Purer Than Pure Message. Yes—she enters.

PIERRE: Good morning.

CHASTITY: Good morning, sir.

PIERRE: I understand you would like to have a part in the television series I am producing. Is that correct?

CHASTITY: Oh, sir—I'm so anxious to play in your series, and I'm certain I can do justice to the part of Sophie, The Apple Girl from Sofia.

PIERRE: I'm sure you can, Miss Ventura. You have quite a reputation. And you're ideally suited—physically. Beautiful blue eyes, lovely hair, determined mouth, strong chin and a gorgeous pair of absolutely luscious—ah, hands. Yes, I rather think we can work something out.

CHASTITY: They usually do.

PIERRE: I see you have, as they say in show biz, been around. But with us, you have nothing to fear. We think clean, we do clean, we are clean—clean, clean, clean—do you hear me?

CHASTITY: You got through, sir.

PIERRE: But—

CHASTITY: (Feeling for zipper) Yes, Pierre?

PIERRE: As you know, Sophie was a thoroughly bad woman. To play her part, you must equate with Sophie. In your thoughts you must *live* as she did—*be* as she was.

CHASTITY: And how was she? And how did she live?

PIERRE: She was loose—promiscuous—available. She would do anything. Why, she would go the limit to get a part like you're asking for. But to play her part, and approach it in a flame-clean manner, you must be purged—purged by a pillar of fire.

CHASTITY: That's a new name for it.

PIERRE: You must be cleansed—exorcised—by me, personally.

CHASTITY: But I don't like exorcise.

PIERRE: This kind is an international favorite. Now, to perform the ritual of cleansing and purging, we shall just step over to this Couch of Purity, unclothed and unashamed—why, Miss Ventura—you're stark naked.

CHASTITY: I'm way ahead of you, dad. So let's exorcise—*after* I sign the contract.

"So that's the story of how I made it, Bobby-poo," said Chastity, after she had finished regaling me with her climb to success.

"And you have no regrets? No feelings that you have achieved the title of Queen of the C-Cup Pictures at too great a sacrifice?"

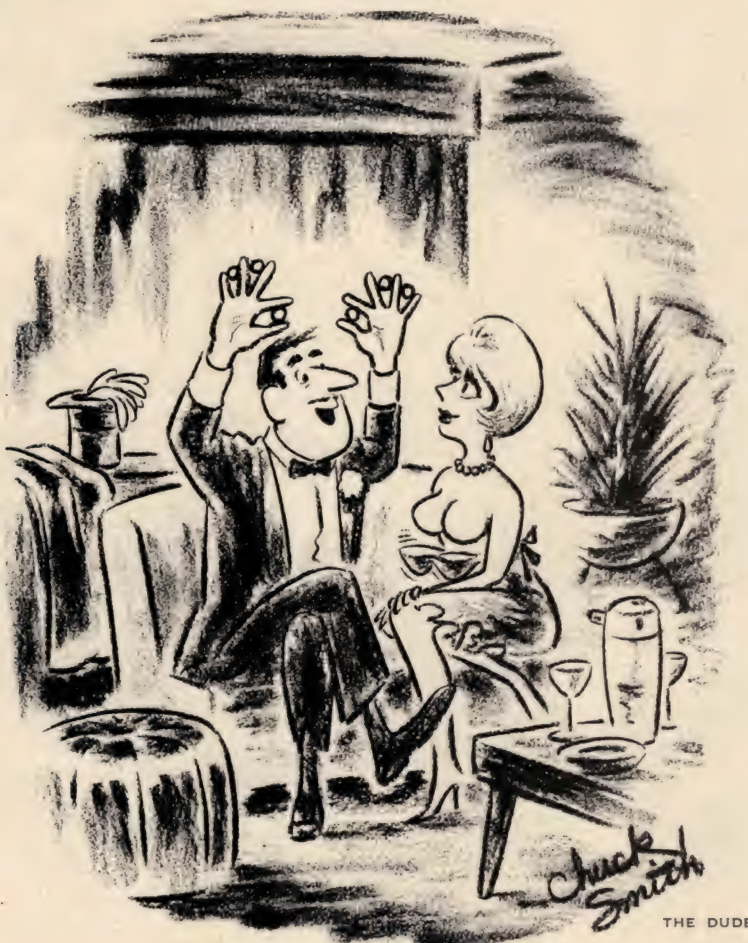
"My only regret," she laughed, "is that these producers all go for this modern furniture, and man, some of those couches nearly killed me. Personally, I favor the old-fashioned, overstuffed—"

Here she broke off, and fixing me with a quizzical stare, she asked, "But enough of me, Bobby-poo. What are you doing now?"

"Me?" I replied. "I've done well, Chastity. I'm casting director of my own film company, and we're in New York to line up a cast for a big spectacular—"

In a flash, she was beside me, breathing her hot breath down my Eustachian tube, and caressing me with her sultry glance.

"The zipper, honey-doo," she whispered hoarsely. "It works down—as usual."



THE DUDE

"Here's a tricky one."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GALAXY

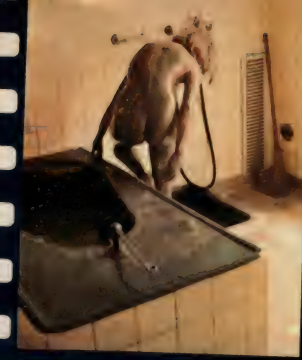
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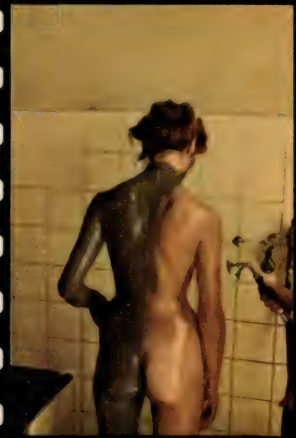
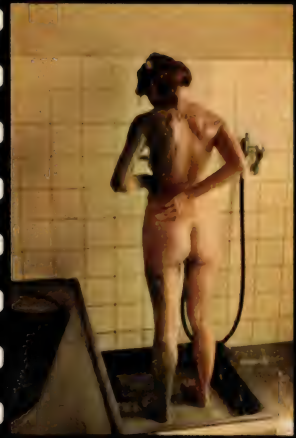
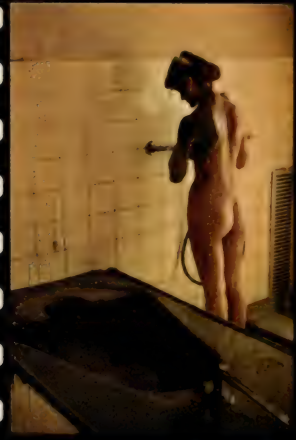
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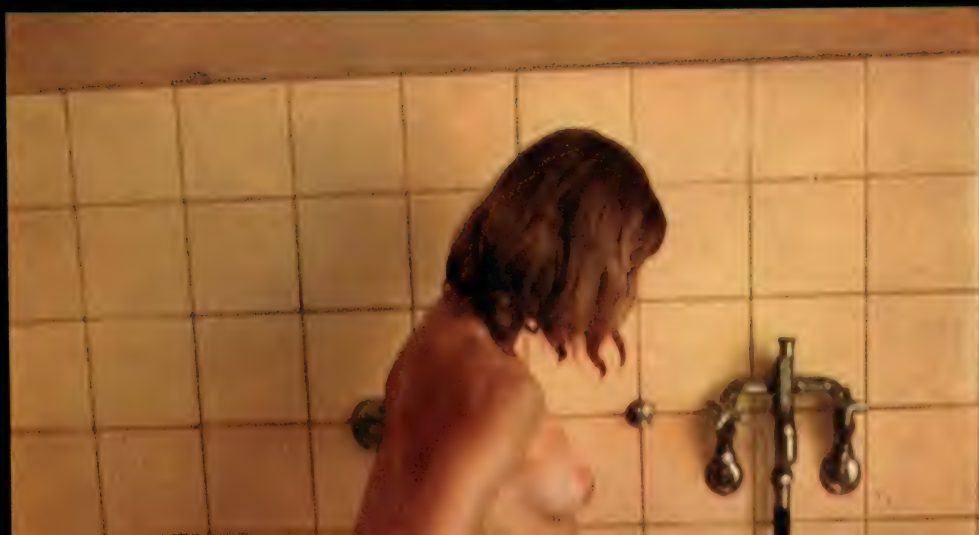
a TOAST to the SHE who keeps the MUD out of her EYE!



ETROPE'S EARTH-iest BATH



THE DUDE



pictorial essay



Every year, at about the time people are preparing for their summer vacations, the tourist agencies and transportation companies send out optimistic banners to the press, proclaiming that *this* will be an unprecedented year for travel. Then around June, when reservations are still abegging, the same spokesmen cry bitterly that everyone is staying home this year, and *why* don't people get around more?

The answer, gentleman, is obvious. That tourism is educational, broadening, enlightening, and all the other cliches, is commonly known. But there are so many places to go that the average would-be traveler becomes confused in the welter of sameness offered by travel promotion. In other words, granted you want to see big cities on your European tour which one should it be?

The promoters have missed the boat by not stressing the *uniqueness* (when it exists) of the areas they are trying to promote. And

even when they aim right, their pictorial and verbal presentations lack zing.

For example why doesn't the agency responsible for tourism in Germany put a little more emphasis on the island of Sylt? Ask them, and they'll say it's known all over the world for its "sun and refreshing air, for its sea water, and its mud baths in 'Westerland.'" Well, did you ever hear of *Westerland* or Sylt? And did their selling copy strike you as being any different from dozens of different health resorts?

Yet look at the gold mine of potential tourist interest sitting in these people's laps. Just to get some statistics out of the way, Sylt is an island in the North Sea. The *Westerlands Kurbadehauser*, or *Westerland Health Club*, is centrally located on the island. You've had a chance to look over its facilities by now. Doesn't it seem a little more glamorous, a little more worth the trip than an ordinary brochure would make it?



The two girls who posed for these pictures, Gerda Grauvert, (tall and slender) and Britt Bjorlm come from Belgium and Finland respectively. They made the trip for laughs, and then decided, with their photographer friend, to try a new pictorial approach to tourism.

The girls demonstrate in various photos the aerosol treatment ("wonderful for inhalation"), the preparation of the baths, the washing down process, and the nice feeling of relaxation, on cool, clean sheets, afterward.

Just for kicks, now that you've seen the *Westerlands Kurbadehauser* in its better aspect, check the travel statistics to Sylt for next year.



FOCUS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY W. R. VECCHIO



Behind the prism bars of a glass menagerie . . .

THE JAZZ MAKERS

(Continued from page 38)

jazz A and R man has a very different role from the A and R man in other areas. It's actually a much more passive kind of a job because all you can do is try to get everything right. And then you just sit back and listen. You don't run a jazz session. We all run other kinds of sessions, with singers, with backgrounds, and we know how different the entire procedure is. When you make a jazz record, you try to get the right studio, the right sound, the right musicians, and then you kind of leave them alone after that.

EDWARDS: Absolutely, though it varies from session to session. Some musicians want more supervision than others, particularly the swing era people. They came along in the era when A and R men, I suppose, took more control than today. . . . told them how to play, what to play, when to play. And they look for this. Often they'll come to a date completely unprepared, and they'll expect you to have the tunes ready that they're supposed to play. Most of the younger musicians resent interference from the A and R man. The good

ones come to the sessions with what they want to play, how they want to voice the passages and so forth. Sometimes there's little to do but click the stop watch. I feel that you record these people because you think what they're doing is worthwhile. So you shouldn't tell them how to play. When you get a group like Gigi Gryce or Benny Golson, there's nothing to do. Maybe you tell them that a particular take was too long. Otherwise, it's not like the commercial field, where they're looking for a sound and the individual is not important. In most cases, the names of the side men don't even appear on the label. Just the star—Bobby Darin, Sinatra, or whoever it is—with a band. There they're looking for a certain response from the audience. I think this makes it a more phoney type of recording, though I'm not knocking it. But artistically it's more phoney because it's a manufactured product, whereas in jazz we try to keep it as much as possible the personal expression of the artist involved.

HAMMOND: I used to record in the thirties and it wasn't like that, then. I can remember those early Billie Holiday records I made and, although Teddy Wilson was the

leader of the band, I used to get the musicians—men who could play together. And this was in the wonderful days of a single microphone. I was brought up on the idea that if you had more than one mike open, the impact of a performance could very easily be lost. You had to set the guys up as closely as you could—actually the way they would be in a club—only then could they really blow. In these days, stereo is the greatest enemy of jazz that there's ever been because you have to separate musicians. Engineers would like you to have a wall around the bass, a wall around the drums, and very often, if there's a singer, a telephone booth in which to put the singer. It's a terrible thing.

ERTEGUN: The first time I ever made a stereo record I went into a studio in Hollywood with the Kid Ory band. The engineer set the guys up with the drums and bass on one side and Ory thirty feet away on the other side, and so on. They absolutely could not play. So I got into a big fight with the engineer right away. And he said, "I recorded Toscanini and Bruno Walter." And I said, "What are you talking about? This is a New Orleans jazz band. They have



to hear each other play. They can't play like this." So he walked out, and I had to get another engineer.

SHAW: Would all of you agree that stereo is the enemy of jazz?

AVAKIAN: Well, I wouldn't put it quite that strongly. Compromises are possible.

ERTEGUN: It all depends on what you mean by stereo. John is right if you mean by stereo the ping-pong effect.

AVAKIAN: I think, actually, stereo is a friend of jazz in that, if you know what you're doing, the results can be more exciting than on a monaural recording.

HAMMOND: Except you can't have the men as close together.

AVAKIAN: That's true. But it isn't that critical in most cases, John. You know, the musicians are getting used to working a bit apart.

HAMMOND: That's true of the clique that records all the time.

SHAW: Yes, but aren't you right, George, in the sense that the kind of shading that you once got as a result of the interplay between musicians is now being manufactured, so to speak, electrically.

AVAKIAN: I don't think the play-

ing is really affected that much. I really feel that an intelligently run stereo session can be as tightly knit as a monaural date.

SHAW: Except that since you have separate tracks, it's always possible to alter or distort the original performance.

AVAKIAN: Oh, I see what you mean. You're absolutely right. Certainly, as to balance.

SHAW: In other words, where a musician might feel that he wants a certain kind of dynamic shading underneath another musician, or around him or over him, now he hasn't got the relative proximity from the standpoint of geography and then, at a later point, some engineer takes the two separate tracks and produces what he thinks is attractive.

HAMMOND: Not when we're around.

SHAW: Certainly, the sound on the record is not necessarily what the musician intended. And you're losing something of the spontaneous performance.

AVAKIAN: It's still not that serious a problem.

ERTEGUN: The first principle is that the musician must be comfort-

able and at ease in the studio. If he can't hear the other instruments, he'll tell you before you even start to record. Then after the first playback, if it doesn't sound right, you change it.

SHAW: Well, where do you think jazz is right now?

AVAKIAN: I think it's in a very severe state of doldrums. I shouldn't say inactivity, which I was almost going to say. But the whole situation we've been talking about has created a stagnant position, which is not healthy from any point of view. I had a feeling, about a year or so ago, that there was going to be a big breakthrough with the Ornette Coleman Quartet. But I think that Ornette is too far ahead of even his own public.

HAMMOND: Also his group . . .

AVAKIAN: I put it that way because there are people who will go to hear Ornette in a club, but it has to be a small club. For instance, I'm sure you couldn't hire Ornette here . . .

D'LUGOFF: I did. I had Ornette here. But I think that when he incubated, when he kept working steadily at the Five Spot, he created an atmosphere and a relationship. Cole-



man needs a small club. And there's an economic factor there.

AVAKIAN: Right. Psychologically for Ornette and his audience, and economically for the club owner.

HAMMOND: He also needs people who have the same kind of talent as he does. In a quartet, every one of them has to be like Ornette and this is a tough bill to fill.

AVAKIAN: That's the toughest problem any leader faces. The music is extremely personal and the performances are so tightly integrated that one change can upset things for six months or longer if you don't get the right person. Anyway, I was saying that I thought that Ornette might be the breakthrough. But he didn't have enough followers in the general public and I think that situation is going to stay for quite some time. I think that what's needed, perhaps, is an intermediate person who isn't as far out as Ornette but who is distinctly different from the upper bracket artists who are making it, like Brubeck, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Cannonball Adderly. Who that can possibly be under the present conditions, I don't know. I hope, let's say, that Nesuhi gets him, signs him

for one year and builds him up. Then I can outbid him when the contract expires. That's a technique which works well for major record companies. Picking up Miles Davis, for instance, when he was just on the verge of making a rise. The same thing with Brubeck. Erroll Garner kicked around on a lot of labels, but the timing for hiring him was right, you see. That's a whole different subject. But the big thing, for all of us to think about is, I think, where is the next personality that excites the whole field, and excites it in a way which is commercially valuable not just to himself and his fellow musicians but to the club owners and to the record companies?

HAMMOND: I think this is somebody who's going to appeal to kids. It's going to be somebody who will have the same kind of sex appeal that Elvis has for the kids. It's somebody who's going to have passion in his playing, somebody who is not averse to the beat. And he can be disagreeable like Jimmy Dean. It doesn't matter. But he's going to have to have that particular kind of sexual attraction that you're getting in singers. Frankly, that's one of the things

I'm looking for in young jazz talent these days.

SHAW: In others words, you don't think that, if we can use those classifications, that a cool artist or a third streamer, or one of the intellectual...

HAMMOND: I might well sign him up. But I don't think he's going to make it with the kids. No.

SHAW: In other words, your feeling is that if jazz moves at all, it will have to move away from the direction it has taken, at least for the last several years.

HAMMOND: Well, I think it is moving already.

ERTEGUN: I don't think that your viewpoint is quite realistic historically because I don't think a Charlie Parker appealed to kids first. I think that those things follow. I think it's after three or four years that what you say takes place. But I don't think that great jazz musicians start—make their first impact—by appealing to kids.

HAMMOND: Well, how about Mr. Benny Goodman for one? and Artie Shaw sure had sex appeal for the youngsters.

SHAW: But, Nesuhi, wouldn't you say that Parker's appeal to people



was based on the things that John is talking about, forgetting the age grouping. In other words, wasn't Bird's appeal to people based on not merely what he was in his playing but the way in which the playing was part of a personality?

ERTEGUN: No, I don't think so. I think that Parker appealed because he was a tremendous musician. It was purely on musical grounds.

AVAKIAN: But you know, when you come right down to it, I don't think that Parker had mass appeal, anyway...

HAMMOND: I'm talking about a mass appeal. Parker never tried to get through to kids. He wasn't interested in getting through to kids. I mean, we're not talking about the same things, Nesuhi.

ERTEGUN: But in the last twenty years all the great jazz musicians have developed along those lines.

HAMMOND: I know. That's one of the reasons the market for jazz is so bad. Now Miles has it. Miles really has it.

ERTEGUN: After fifteen years of playing.

HAMMOND: It doesn't matter how long after. But Miles has that attraction.

AVAKIAN: He's a kind of Jimmy Dean.

HAMMOND: He sure is. I mean, the way he turns his back and all. Miles has got it. John Lewis doesn't have it.

ERTEGUN: But this does not happen in the beginning. If you have an Elvis Presley, it's an immediate thing. Either it happens or it will never happen. With a jazz musician, I think appeal is a slow, gradual process. I think that you acquire your audience, and it becomes larger and larger. You have to first establish a kind of communication as, for instance, Ornette has been trying to do, not too successfully so far. It's a very long, gradual development.

SHAW: Now let's come back to an interesting question. Is there general agreement that jazz is in a slump, that jazz is in the doldrums?

ERTEGUN: I wouldn't say so.

AVAKIAN: From a dollars and cents point of view, Nesuhi, don't you feel it's pretty grim these days compared to what it used to be?

ERTEGUN: When was it different? For the typical jazz musician, when was it different? You mean it was better for him to play as a side man with Tommy Dorsey?

AVAKIAN: No, No. But I'm talking about the amount of work that was available, say, five to six years ago compared to today. And the amount of opportunity for the young musician. Look at how Clifford Brown came up very suddenly and spectacularly into a top position. I don't think that could possibly happen today.

ERTEGUN: Oh, I think it can. I think it does.

AVAKIAN: But who?

ERTEGUN: Coltrane, for instance.

EDWARDS: I don't think it happens to the degree that it did years ago.

AVAKIAN: Yes, because the club work isn't available any more.

EDWARDS: That—and I think that it's much more competitive nowadays. There are so many excellent young musicians coming along.

HAMMOND: You think so? I don't think so. I think that, for instance, the number of good young drummers can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

EDWARDS: I wouldn't say that. I think that there are a lot of good people coming along nowadays. Of course, there can be only a few geniuses. But I think that the stand-

ard of musical excellence today is much higher. That makes it harder for an individual to stand out. I think that's one reason why artists who have extreme styles are jumped upon as the new Messiahs—whether what they are doing is valid or not.

ERTEGUN: I think that jazz has its own interior development. I think it's in a very fruitful period now. I think that many tremendous things are happening. It may be in somewhat of a period of transition. But then we always feel that every period is a period of transition until we have some kind of perspective. Then you see that it really wasn't, that things were taking place.

SHAW: Don't you all get the feeling that the far-out jazz of today is completely incestuous, that everybody is taking in everybody else's laundry?

ERTEGUN: As in every art form, there are strong influences and traditions. Without them, there would be chaos. You have to have them. If you go to a show of modern, New York style, abstract expressionist painting, you will see exactly the same situation.

EDWARDS: Well, there's no need to be modern or, I should say different, just to be different. I think that a lot of very good jazz musicians are being overlooked because they're just playing basic, straightforward, very listenable jazz. They aren't proving anything. They're just doing what they know very well. This is particularly true of the old timers. There are so many excellent musicians we don't even hear about. They can't work. Nobody's interested in them. And yet they're playing great jazz.

ERTEGUN: Each time you record one of those people with much younger musicians, they absolutely inspire those younger musicians.

EDWARDS: The musicians appreciate them. But the public doesn't.

AVAKIAN: It is kind of a shame that a Roy Eldridge has had a fairly tough time making it in the last fifteen years.

EDWARDS: Any time I do a session with a group of young fellows and an old-timer, the youngsters can't sing his praises high enough.

HAMMOND: Commercially, right now, it's a lot tougher than it ought to be for jazz musicians because of the very limited number of places where they can play as compared with only a few years ago.

AVAKIAN: Our point is that the one who is really hurt is the younger

or less well-known musician. In contrast, it's been just great for the top ten names or so for seven or eight years, and it continues that way.

EDWARDS: There are many reasons for this. As far as working is concerned, I think that part of the difficulty is engendered by the musicians themselves, inescapably so, because of the rising standard of living and so forth. But I think that often one musician begins to be acclaimed and written about and then he very soon starts to price himself out of the in-person market.

AVAKIAN: Incidentally, have you found that this happens in the record field also? Every once in a while somebody's contract will expire and you're forced into a fantastic bidding situation where you know darn well you're bidding too high and yet somebody else outbids you. You wonder, my God, what's going to happen to him?

ERTEGUN: There's a slight tendency to romanticize the past from the viewpoint of the working jazz musician. In the past, most of the real jazz musicians were side men all their lives. A man like Chu Berry was a side man. Today, he would be leading his own quartet some place and doing much better. I think that things have improved tremendously.

EDWARDS: Would he be doing much better economically?

ERTEGUN: I think so.

EDWARDS: Of course, everyone is a leader nowadays.

ERTEGUN: Oh, I don't like it any more than you. I think that many of them are leaders before they should be leaders. But at least the conditions exist whereby a really great performer now can make it under his own name instead of playing with Cab Calloway. I think that this is a step forward.

HAMMOND: Well, if they're working ten weeks out of the year instead of forty-eight weeks out of the year, I don't know whether, actually, they're making a better living.

EDWARDS: They're getting more publicity.

HAMMOND: When Chu was with Fletcher and with Cab—he died actually while he was with Cab—he was getting well over scale and he was working fifty-two weeks a year. I would suspect he was probably doing better than he would as a combo leader.

EDWARDS: I believe that's true.

ERTEGUN: The conditions didn't

exist at the time for him to develop as fully as a performer as I think he could today if he really had something to say or to write. As a leader, he could express himself instead of playing somebody else's music in a certain way year after year.

HAMMOND: Some people are better as ensemble musicians than they are as leaders.

D'LUGOFF: Years ago, whenever they did record, the old-timers got literally peanuts. Now today, with the greater number of recording sessions, a band-leader of an intermediate group would rather work a few weeks than hole up in a club. Years ago, he would have been willing to work more weeks at less salary and get a chance for his group to get better known. Today, of course, he's getting a little bit of movie money, a little bit of television—although there's very little—and a lot more recording than there was years ago. But the serious problem is the problem of new talent. There just is no place to put on a new young group out of the blue.

SHAW: Do you sign complete unknowns, Esmund?

EDWARDS: Yes, I think that's the history of Prestige. Try new people. We develop the talent for the big

THE DUDE



"I swear I'll get you, Judge, if it takes me till I'm sixteen!"

fellows. But the smaller companies have to start off with unknown people. Usually, we can't afford the names. We can't afford to bid against the majors for them. The philosophy of recording is different for the small companies. In many instances, it's the combination of a hobby and business. The people will record an artist because they like the way he sounds. The commercial consideration, while it's there, will be secondary. Some of the major labels, where there's a greater division of authority and more people to answer to, and stricter accounting procedures, perhaps, hesitate to take these chances. They'll sit back and play it safe with the artists who have arrived.

SHAW: Esmund, as A and R man for one of the smaller independents, have you found that you could hold onto a man whom you had developed? What about so-called loyalty to a small label? Or are the big companies always able to lure talent away once they've reached a certain point?

EDWARDS: It's a very individual thing. To be frank, I don't think there's a lot of loyalty. It's a dollars and cents game and, in many instances, the artist doesn't even consult the parent label about other offers he may receive. Rarely does an artist

come to you and say, I've been offered X million dollars with another label, what are you going to do about it? In most instances, they'll do their private negotiations outside and, when their contract runs out, they'll say, I'm leaving. Just like that. Without even giving us any opportunity to bargain. In one instance, a fellow that had an offer from a major did tell us. We made our counter offer and he decided to leave us anyway. But in most cases, I think musicians are lax in this respect. I don't think loyalty, as far as business relationships are concerned, enters too much into their thinking. It's a dollar and cents thing for them. You know, it's really hard to pass judgment.

In March DUDE, the panel will discuss such controversial areas as:

Are the unions pricing jazz out of business?

Why the dearth of jazz on TV?

What is the relationship of jazz and the Negro?

West Coast jazz has stopped kicking. But is it still alive?

What are the economics of booking jazz stars in clubs?



"Daddy!"

THE GOAL

(Continued from page 29)

returned the punt to the 30-yard line.

Kousek shrugged the robe off his shoulders and got up. He started toward the field.

"Mike," Blansford said, "open them up and pass. You gotta do something out there."

Kousek nodded and kept walking. He joined his teammates and bent into the huddle. "Whitey wants to pass," he said to Jake McBride, the quarterback. McBride nodded and announced the play. The team moved into position. Kousek stared out into the *Mammoth* backfield. There they were, confident, wary, champions, sure of themselves. He knew the feeling and for a moment he felt a tinge of bitterness. He had spent fifteen years in that *Mammoth* backfield. Big Mike Kousek, former All-American, four-time All-Pro, the *Mammoth* passing ace. Bull, all of it pure hybrid bull. Fifteen years and they had sold him to the *Carbondale Tigers* as easily as if he were some damned seed animal.

The quarterback was chanting. The two lines tensed and Mike was ready. The quarterback took the pass from center, pivoted and began to swing off to the left. The line clashed, cursing and grunting, bodies and equipment crashing together. The quarterback faked a hand-off to the left halfback who plunged into the left side of the line. Kousek angled off right. He watched the defense crash the line, one eye on the quarterback. He moved in behind the fullback. The quarterback stopped and turned. He shot the ball back to Kousek. Mike took the ball and shagged left, his big hand curling over the ball for the pass. He checked his receiver, threw for the spot. The ball rose in an arc, then flattened out. The *Mammoth* defense slammed it to the ground.

The whistle blew. The teams gathered. The referee brought the ball back to scrimmage and the *Tiger* quarterback called for time.

Kousek hit the potential pass receiver on the arm. "Sorry," he said.

"That's the way it goes," Horse Kelly said.

"Those bastards are everywhere today," Charley Dane said.

"That damned guard elbows me again," Jim Trucker said, "and I'm gonna belt his damned teeth down his throat."

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"Take it easy, Truck."
"Nothing doing," Trucker said. "I'm not taking anything from that bastard."

"It's all in the game."

"Game my foot," Trucker said. "I lose any teeth I'll kill that sonofabitch."

"We oughta work on that left end," Harry Karp said. "I think that's a weak spot."

"They ain't got a weak spot," Charley Dane said.

"I know one s.o.b. who's gonna be a weak spot," Trucker said, still angry.

"If he doesn't get you first," Joe Kirran said.

"Agh," Trucker said, "I'll tear his guts loose."

The players laughed. Mike Kousek listened to them, saying nothing. They were a good bunch, and they often played a hard game, but they were the culls in the league, no match for the *Mammoths*. All the spirit in the world won't beat down a team of champions. It just isn't done. And no matter, now it was too late. The *Mammoths* had scored on a sensational long run in the opening minutes of the game and Mike had seen the team take on the defeatist weariness that was apparent in them now. It was just a matter of hanging on and keeping the score down.

The whistle blew. The *Tigers* huddled, broke away, went to scrimmage. It was an off-tackle line buck, but there was no hole and Martin, the fullback, was smothered. Jake McBride fumbled on the next play and the *Mammoths* recovered.

Kousek went to the bench, turning the field over to the defensive backfield. He ignored the game, tried not to listen to Whitey Blansford, and thought of the girl. Marion Scott. Cripes, he thought, what a female. She bugged him. He couldn't figure her at all. A month ago he had met her. Actually, she had met him, made it plain that she was interested in him. At first he had played it cool, figuring that she was just another of the bimbos who go ape over a football player. But she had persisted and then he was having dinner with her, dancing with her, and then he wanted her. And she wanted to talk. So they talked, and talked and talked. They talked for a whole damned week. Then he had finally gotten her in his room. Damn, what a night that had been! He was practically crawling up



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the walls and she was saying, "No, Mike, it just won't work."

"Dammit, why not?"

"You don't believe in anything."

"No. It has to be more. A man has to stand for something or he isn't a man. I want a complete man."

"Try me," he said.

"It won't be any good."

"Oh, hell!" He got up and moved away from her. "What do you want?" She didn't answer. "Clear out, then!" he barked. She stared hard at him, then she got to her feet. Without a word she unbuttoned her blouse and took it off. He watched her. She slipped out of her skirt, pulled the slip over her head. She removed her brassiere, loosening the huge, hard breasts. Naked, she went to the bed.

"You'll just have to find out," she said. "I know what I mean."

She had been right. There was something missing, a feeling, a lack of depth. She had been more woman than he had ever known, but *she had been right*.

"Kousek! Mike!"

He snapped out of his reverie. Whitey Blansford was standing over him. The defensive backfield was coming off the field. He got to his feet. Blansford was shaking his head. To hell with him, Mike thought, to hell with them all. He went onto the field. Damn Blansford, damn her, damn the *Tigers*, damn the *Mammoths* for selling him out to a team

that couldn't win a game on their best day.

He went onto the field and did his job. Top team or cellar team, they were all pros working at their trade. They played in a grappling, business-like manner. Gain a yard, lose a yard. Pass, block and tackle. The *Mammoths* had the edge because they had the younger, faster players, the pick of the high-priced college crop; but the *Tigers* stayed in the game because they were also pros and knew their business. The difference between the two teams would show when the expensive talent in the *Mammoth* backfield suddenly melded into an offensive blend and exploded. The screaming people in the stands were watching an underdog hold its own against the league champions, but, to the men on the field—with more football games under their belts than they cared to remember—it was just a matter of time.

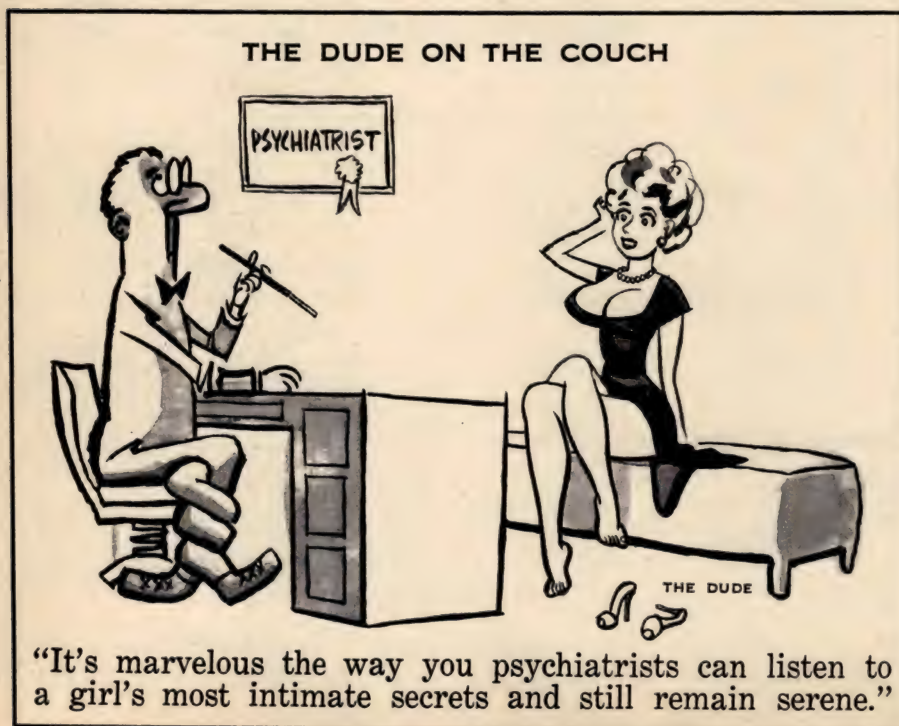
The half ended with the *Mammoths* still holding their seven-point lead, and the teams filed off the field to the dressing rooms. Mike saw her sitting alone in a box. Blonde, damned beautiful. Even the heavy coat could not fully conceal the magnificent body. He met her eyes for a moment, saw the combination of hope and disappointment, and turned away. He went through the passageway under the stands. In the dressing room he dropped onto a bench, forced his mind to shut out the loud talk, the

curses. What the hell does she expect? I'm not a damned high school boy. I do my job. It's a crummy, stupid racket and I do what I'm paid to do . . . and no more. She thinks we'd be better in bed if I was out there trying to get my brains scrambled with all the rah-rah jazz.

"Okay, you guys," Whitey Blansford was saying, "okay. Quiet down! Now look, we got a damn good chance to beat them guys. You get out there in this next half and really play ball and we can pull this one out of the hat!"

More of the rah-rah crap, Mike thought. What the hell does he think we are, a bunch of college idiots? Pull *him* out of the hat is what he means. This damned game doesn't mean anything to anybody but good old Whitey Blansford. He knows he's gonna be out on his butt and maybe a win today will make the board of directors keep him for another season. To hell with you, Whitey, just like the *Mammoths* did me. Fifteen years. Think of it. Fifteen years I knocked myself out winning ball games for them bastards and they throw me into the pot just to get some damned new college kid. Well, this is the end of it. Last game of the season; last game—period. No more for me. I got the dough invested and I don't knock my brains out no more for nobody. It's Florida for this old boy. Florida! Damn! It made him think of the girl again. What the hell had gotten into him. The night before he had asked her to go along with him to the Keys. It had even surprised him. He had never wanted a girl on his neck before. Maybe he had just wanted more time to prove to her that they could really make it together. But then she had said that she would let him know after the game with the *Mammoths*. Damn her, but she was getting under his skin. He closed his eyes and he could see that body, the long lean legs, the generous flaring hips and narrow waist, the dark-aureoled breasts, firm and immensely erect, proud, but delicately giving and soft to the touch. Why the hell wasn't it right between them? Would she go to Florida with him? "I don't give a damn what you do to him," Blansford was saying. "I just want this win."

"I'm gonna gouge the bastard's eyes out," Trucker said. "I swear, that guy is gonna spend the off-season in a wheel chair. He gives me that



"It's marvelous the way you psychiatrists can listen to a girl's most intimate secrets and still remain serene."

elbow just once more! Just once!"

"And watch that screen pass," Blansford said.

"How come they been keeping Ross Tabor out?" Harry Karp asked.

"Must be hurt."

"The papers had him in the lineup."

"Who knows. Just hope he stays out."

"I was hoping to give that arrogant bastard the rocks today," Karp said. "It was gonna be my good deed for the season."

"Who gives a damn," Charley Dane said. "You win some, you lose some. What the hell."

"None of that talk!" Blansford squealed. "We can win this one. Forget that damned Tabor. He's just another ball player."

"You never been tackled by him," McBride said. "He tries to cripple you every time he hits you."

"A first-class s.o.b.," Dane said. "But the sonofabitch never misses a tackle."

Mike listened with interest. He had wondered earlier why Ross Tabor was not playing. The *Mammoths* had tossed Kousek on the block in a trade deal to acquire Tabor.

"Okay, you guys," Blansford said. "Let's get back out there. Win this one for me, fellows. Put this in the bag and tonight the drinks are on me."

Big deal, Mike thought. He rose from the bench and followed the team to the field. The *Mammoths* kicked off and now Ross Tabor was in the game. Kousek took the kick on his 10-yard line and returned it to 40 where Tabor nailed him with a vicious body block. "You gotta watch your step from now on, Dad," Tabor said, grinning, as Mike dragged himself to his feet.

Kousek said nothing, and walked back to his huddle. Dad! That damned kid. Calling him, dad! Thirty-six years old and that snot-nose calls me, dad! He was angry, but he chided himself. Easy, Kousek, don't let that kid get to you. Do your job and get it over with. Forget the hero crap.

McBride called a pass. Kousek took the hand-off, faded right and pitched to Harry Karp in the flat. Karp had to twist in the air, but he caught the ball. He was still off the ground when Tabor hit him. Clinging to the ball, Karp did a full flip and landed with a sickening thud. The ball rolled from his arms. His legs jerked nervously,

then he was still. Tabor turned and walked away. The rest of the players gathered around Karp. The doctor and coaches came onto the field. Soon the ambulance took Karp away.

The *Tigers* huddled. Bernie Camp replaced Karp at halfback. The players were sullen and quiet.

"Looks bad for old Karp," Trucker said.

"His back."

"Broken?"

"They don't know. Bad though."

"Ain't that a bitch! Last game."

"That damned Tabor!"

"He's doing his job," Kousek said.

"He does it too well."

The referee blew the whistle. The *Tigers* had earned a bitter first down. Ernie Camp carried and was stopped at scrimmage. McBride passed incomplete. Kousek carried on a reverse and managed to pick up five yards through right tackle before Ross Tabor hit him. The force of Tabor's shoulder drove a shock of pain through Kousek and he knew that a rib had gone. As Tabor got up, he slammed an elbow against Kousek's jaw. "Oh," he said. "Sorry there, old fellow. Didn't mean to get rough." He was grinning. "You must be getting kind of brittle."

Kousek said nothing. Many times in his fifteen years of pro ball he had been angry, but he knew better than to lose control. He went back to the huddle, the pain sharp in his side. Bernie Camp kicked and the *Mammoths* were on their own 10-yard line. Kousek went to the bench.

The rib wasn't serious. He had had plenty broken in the past. But it was reason enough to ask to be pulled out of the game. He did not mention it. His thoughts were on the girl and Florida and Harry Karp and fifteen years devoted to nothing. The *Mammoths* lost the ball on their 40 on a fumble. Kousek went back in.

The third quarter ground away and the teams changed goals for the final stanza. The sun had gone and it was cold. The fans kept to their seats, waiting for the *Mammoths* to open up, but also excited to bellowing fervor by the stubborn tenacity of the *Tigers*. The game swayed back and forth. Jim Trucker tried to knee his opponent and missed. On the next play they caught Trucker on a guard-tackle squeeze and he was carried off the field. Bernie Camp scampered off left-end for fifteen yards and was tackled by Tabor. He came back to



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the huddle reeling and his right eye began to turn purple and swell. They had to use an ammonia capsule to clear his head.

"You okay?" Kousek asked. He held up three fingers. "How many?"

"Three," Camp said, shaking his head. "That bastard slugged me. This is getting like a damned high school grudge game."

"The burns figure they got it won," Joe Kirran said, "so they're just seeing how much they can bust us up."

"What kind of crap is that?"

"High school stuff," Camp said.

"Yeah," Kousek said. For a moment he recalled his own high school days. The grudge game with Newton High. Biggest event of the year and it always ended in a riot. Damn, he hadn't thought of those days for years. That didn't even seem like football now. In high school they tried anything, and a lot of games were won out of sheer crazy luck. Everything had been fun, then, even football.

Camp was back to normal and time was in. The *Tigers* huddled. "McBride," Kousek said suddenly, "I'll call the plays."

"What?"

"I'll call the plays. I know what I'm doing."

"Hell, I don't care, Mike. You can call 'em as good as I been doing, that's for damned sure."

"Okay." He nodded at the fullback. "Martin," he said, "you take it over center."

"What play?" Martin asked.

"Damn the play," Mike growled. "Just take the ball and run it!"

Martin ran into a solid wall. Mike called for time. He signaled to the bench for the place-kick specialist. The kicker was on the field before Blansford had a chance to object. An angry roar went up from the crowd. A field goal at this time, at that distance, was insanity. Mike huddled with the kicker. "Sam," he asked, "how fast can you run?"

"Pretty fast."

"Okay. When the pass comes back from center, you just start running to the left . . ."

"What play is this?"

"We'll make it up as we go along. Marty and Camp. You get down there and dump that sonofabitch Tabor on his back. And everybody else, knock somebody down so they stay down."

The *Tigers* formed for a field goal. The *Mammoth* linebackers tensed to

rush the kick. The defensive backfield spread out, Tabor playing deep. The ball was snapped. The *Tiger* line pulled out and surged to the left. The *Tiger* backfield began to run. Blocking, cutting, hooting and yelling, they rolled downfield. The *Mammoths* were stunned. Ross Tabor recovered quickly, but Martin and Camp were bearing down on him. Tabor dodged them both and went after the ball carrier. McBride angled in and delayed Tabor for the two seconds needed to clear the runner. Sam Dalby went over standing up. The roar of the crowd was deafening, and the behavior of the *Tigers* was unprofessionally boisterous. The *Mammoths* maintained a sullen dignity. The conversion failed, and the *Mammoths* still held their edge, but the *Tigers* who lined up for the kick-off had a wild-eyed look about them.

They kicked and held the *Mammoths* for four plays. Kousek ran into the game from the bench. He danced along the line exhorting the linemen to dig in. Kousek passed to open the *Mammoth* defense, then smashed off-tackle, then passed, then slashed against the ends. The *Mammoths* weathered the onslaught. Jim Trucker came back into the game like a rejuvenated hurricane. On his first play he put the *Mammoth* tackle out cold with a standing uppercut to the jaw. Trucker was ejected from the game; the *Tigers* were penalized. The game was a seesaw struggle, but the *Mammoth* defense could not be penetrated.

"We're too well scouted," Mike said in the huddle. "Those bastards know what we're going to do before we do it."

"Let's try something new," Bernie Camp said.

"No," Mike said, grinning, the strange wonderful elation running through him. "Let's try something old." He outlined the play. It was simple enough. They had all tried it in high school. They broke from the huddle shouting like Indians. McBride called a pass. The snap from center, the pivot, the pitch to Kousek. He took the ball in his hand, cocked his arm. The *Mammoth* line converged on him.

Too late, the *Mammoths* found themselves the dupes of the old *Statue of Liberty*. Bernie Camp swung around behind Mike, took the ball from his hands and ran. He went off left end and had penetrated the sec-

ondary before Tabor came in and tackled him hard on the *Mammoth* 40.

It was a first down for the *Tigers*. The crowd was standing, shouting, beating time for a touchdown. The *Mammoths* were stunned and confused, but they were still the *Mammoths* and the powerful line held with the stoic solidity of a Roman legion. Kousek was a man possessed. He carried the ball against the immovable wall. He raged and threatened his line. He tried to run over the backs of the *Mammoths* and they pulled him out of the air. The clock was running out. It was fourth down on the *Mammoth* 38-yard line.

Mike called time and drew the *Tigers* into a loose huddle on the ground. "They got us by the short hair," he said, "but right now we ain't got a damned thing to lose."

"Hell, man," Bernie Camp said, "I never had so much fun." He touched his swollen black eye. "Just do something that gets me down near that damned Ross Tabor before this game ends."

"This is go for broke," Kousek said. He hunched down and with his finger he traced out the plan on the grass. Time came in and the *Tigers* went to the line, their faces wreathed with grim smiles.

McBride called for a pass. He hunched over the center, his head up. He barked the signals, took the ball and pivoted. He fumbled. The crowd gasped. There was sudden confusion. The *Mammoths* bellowed and plunged after the ball. But Joe Kirran, the *Tiger* left tackle, had already pulled out of his slot according to the plan. He gathered up the ball and ran backward. He went over the 50, down to his 40. The crowd shrieked as the huge tackle ran in circles, seemingly unable to decide what to do with the ball. He went off to the right. The *Mammoths* went after him.

Kirran stopped to face the onslaught. Turning suddenly, he pitched out to Bernie Camp who came from behind, took the ball and began to sprint to the left. The *Mammoth* line stopped at Kirran and turned to stare, dumfounded. The *Mammoth* secondary defense went after Camp. He lured them to the side lines, then stopped, turned and passed out to Mike, who was already charging full-tilt down center field.

Kousek took the pass and went for the safety man. He knew Ross Tabor's style. Tabor liked to take his

man from the side and run him down, in this way inflicting the most damage. Burying the ball, Mike crouched and went at Tabor head down, knees high. He knew what the impact would be like. The pain from the injured rib tore at him, but that would be nothing compared to the head-on collision with 225 pounds of immovable object. It was exactly the way he had beaten Tulane in the Sugar Bowl; he ran right over the safety man, but he never remembered how he stayed on his feet to cross the goal. He remembered only the collision and it was an hour later—in the infirmary—that he regained his senses. By that time his broken collarbone had been set, along with several ribs, and he was hospitalized with multiple concussion. Mike tensed himself, his legs pumping up to his chin. For a split-second of rational clarity his mind shouted, you must be out of your mind! This game doesn't mean anything! You're finished! No more football!

He concentrated on Tabor. He might be a bastard, but he sure has got guts. Tabor crouched and braced himself.

Mike spun out, caught Tabor waiting flatfooted. He whirled with the grace of a dancer. He enjoyed the surprise on Tabor's face. How's that for an old man? He shrugged left and went over.

The extra point failed, but no one was paying much attention. The police were fighting to keep the fans from the field, a futile effort. By the thousands they poured onto the gridiron. They converged on the goal posts and tore them down. The *Tigers* tried to get to their dressing room, but the crowd swept them up and carried them shoulder-high around the stadium. This is ridiculous, Mike thought. This doesn't happen in a pro game. They carried him past the box where the girl was standing. Marion. She was laughing and shouting something. He craned his head forward to hear, and only got one word.

"Yes!"

He knew all that damned talk was a bad thing. "What's that got to do with it?"

"A lot. You have to believe in something."

"I believe in this." His hands were roaming over the lush, full curves of her body.



THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH

(Continued from page 10)

turies in regard to curbing or aiding this state of affairs. Thus, the orthodox Judeo-Christian approach to the problem has been to advise those in whom it does arise to squelch it or be damned. At the other extreme, the mystical romanticists who follow the Tristram and Isolde tradition feel that true romantic lovers should not marry at all but should gracefully kill themselves at the height of their passion so that they may (theoretically) love one another for eternity.

Slightly less drastic but still rather impractical methods of keeping one's original romantic itch forever alive have been proposed by various other authorities. Thus, such diverse writers as Henrik Ibsen, George Moore, Andre Gide, Theophile Gautier, Ben Hecht and Walter Van Tilburg Clark all suggest that if two people really want to remain forever impassionedly attached to each other, they had better, in stead of marrying, part with each other precisely when their emotional involvement is at its greatest height. In that way, theorize these writers, the lovers will keep thinking of each other forever, and their romantic attachment will never die.

On the other side of the fence, methods of making due allowances for human varietism within marriage have also been suggested over the centuries. Somerset Maugham makes something of a plea for term marriage: that is, for a husband and wife's consciously limiting their mating to a period of three or four years, after which they would automatically become divorced. Many modern Americans explicitly or implicitly endorse what has been called serial polygamy: a person's from time to time changing one legal mate for another, as the spirit moves him. Scores of primitive and civilized peoples, as we previously pointed out, sanction legal polygyny, where the husband continues living with his first wife, but also adds various other wives to his harem, as he continues to itch for non-monogamous pastures. Still other groups, such as many cosmopolitan European and Latin American communities, unofficially sanction a husband's (or even a wife's) taking a succession of lovers, while still maintaining permanent home and family ties.

None of these possible solutions to

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the problem of the sexually-romantically itching mate quite fits the bill for most Americans: since even those which are legally and socially permissible (such as liberal divorce or serial polygamy) tend, at least for the male, to be unusually expensive and beyond the average individual's financial means. What, then, shall the itching American do?

Probably, what he has been wittingly or unwittingly doing for the last century or two: namely, continuing to itch but doing, in actual practice, little about it. Through various mass media outlets, printed and filmed, night club shows and through eye to hip and breast contact with various females whom he normally sees in the course of his working and non-working days, he will keep "encountering" various delectable females other than his wife and wishing the hell that they were his, all his. Occasionally, he will actually sample the bedtime wares of such girls; and even more occasionally, he will change his address for theirs.

For the most part, however, he will merely, in regard to these extramarital partners, itch and itch and itch. This seems something of a shame, of wasted passion. But going still further, especially via the divorce court, also seems to him something of a shame, of wasted effort. And, considering that divorcing and remating hardly guarantee reduced future itching, perhaps they are a needless effort (and expense) in numerous cases.

Let's face it: with socio-economic conditions being what they are in our civilization, the one, one and a half, two, two and a half, etc. year itches are likely to remain remarkably omnipresent. Let us hope, at least, that the millions of itchers in our midst at least realistically accept the fact that what they are undergoing is a terribly human (rather than monstrous) condition, and that they learn to live unguiltily with their passionate leanings.



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SATURNALIA BABY

(Continued from page 16)

god after whom the *ludi* on the 5th were named) was doing his darnedest to melt the town.

August Agitations—

Portunalia: On the 17th (first feast since July 5th), everybody celebrated Portunus, the harbor god, by going swimming and boating. (It was still hot, remember?)

Virilia Rustica: On the 19th, the Flamen of Jupiter (whoever they were) went out and picked all the available fresh fruit.

Ludi Consualia: The *ludi* in this case were horse races to honor Consus, god of (believe it or not) secret plans. How they tied in secret plan worship with horse racing, I'm not sure, but I'll bet the local medics gave saliva tests to the winners. The races took place on the 21st, and sometimes the horses pulled chariots. I don't know what the medics tested then. Axle grease?

Volcanalia: I got my hopes up about worship of Vulcan, the fire god, on the 23rd, but they got dashed in a hurry. The ceremony: The people gathered about their hearths and—goshwow!—threw fish into the fire.

September Saga—

Romani, or Ludi Magni: A warm-up after the summer heat, from the 5th through the 19th. People wandered from the temples of Jupiter and Juno to that of Minerva, and nothing much was accomplished except everybody got a bad case of athlete's foot.

Why was this called *Ludi Magni* (great games)? Inscrutable, these Romans.

October Oddities:

Meditrinalia: On the 11th, feast of Meditrina, goddess of healing, people tried healing themselves by using what—to the Roman mind—could heal anything: wine. Except that they rubbed it on. (A near miss.)

Armilustrum: A whizbang day in which everyone polished armor. Took place on the 19th. Some swords were washed, too.

October 26-November 1

Sullani: A week of scheduled fun in which people got to celebrate all

the *ludi* victories of Sulla, a local sportsman. Hardly anyone did, hence the word "sullen."

November Naughties—

Plebs: From the 4th through the 17th, the nobles let the commoners (or plebians) have their own special party days, just to keep their minds off the fact that only the nobles could really afford to celebrate the other feasts (except Volcanalia, of course, though the poor people generally ate any fish they had on the premises).

December Delirium—

Agonia: Rome had seven hills, so on each one a victim was sacrificed on the 11th of the month. A calm feast day, if a bit splashy.

And then, after a year of plodding, I came upon the feast day to end all feast days—

SATURNALIA! This was the big event of the year, in December (17-23), originally one day long, but extended into a full week due to popular demand, thus overlapping and quite obscuring the feast of *Opalia* (last of the year, on the 19th), goddess of plenty. Most people didn't even miss her feast, while the Saturnalia was going on.

"Oh, boy!" I thought, "Here's where the orgies start!"

Now, Saturnus is the god about whom one hears some pretty wild reports (after all, they named Saturday night after him), so I was put on guard when I found he was the god of the farmlands, or of agriculture. So far, no good. The feast was celebrated according to a pattern, and some of the customs are still used in the Christmas season, such as the compulsory giving of presents to everyone. These presents were called *Xenia* (well, why not?), and during the time of Saturnalia, all the kids were let out of school to join the fun.

After the presents had been exchanged, the people crowned themselves with garlands, and took out statues of Saturn, painted and garlanded them, and then sat them down at the table for dinner with the family. (I give up.)

Dinner was called the *Cena*, and had three parts: 1) the hors d'oeuvres: Cold eggs, salads, fish and *mulsum* (a mixture of wine and honey; it's a start). 2) Three main courses (beef, pork, mutton) served with lots of wine (things are picking up).

3) Dessert: Pastries and fresh fruit and nuts. (Nuts.) Things have stopped picking up.

Dinner was eaten at a *triclinium*, that is, three long couches in horse-shoe shape about a table, with three people lying on each couch (hence "Three's a crowd").

After dinner, when the orgy should have started, everyone went out instead to call on friends and to give them wax candles and little people made of pie (don't ask me!).

Also, on this day, the slaves were supposed to be able to give orders to their masters, except that only the dumb slaves said anything that couldn't be apologized for the day after the 23rd. (Sounds kind of like an office party, in a way.)

About this period, Seneca has said: "All Rome goes mad during Saturnalia!", which shows how much he knew. The big event of the feast was when everyone went to the Temple of Saturn at the head of the Forum, and got to shout (it was obligatory; they probably had cue-cards), "*Io Saturnalia!*" Then they indulged in "unrestrained merry-making."

(At this point in my research, I confess, I licked my lips in anticipation as I turned the page, where I found that the merrymaking consisted of—)

Gambling! It seems that, as a nation, Romans loved nothing better than games of chance. However (who knows why?) there was a law against it, all year 'round—*Except* at Saturnalia!

Then everybody proceeded to lose their tunics, what with shaking *teserae* (dice) in the *fritullus* (cup) and tossing for *septem* (seven) on the *alveus* (gaming table). Not to mention flipping coins, and calling out *navia* or *capita* on the tosses, or holding a handful of beans and playing *par impar* (odd or even), which eventually evolved into *micatio*, which has come to us through the centuries as the ever-popular Italian finger-totalling game *morra*. Now, during the rest of the year, the casino proprietors (*susceptors*) had to keep gambling in the back room dives (*ganeae*), and for a "front" run a respectable inn (*caupona*), grill (*popina*), or tavern (*thermopolia*), a hangout for all the eager neighborhood gamblers (*aleatores*). Saturnalia was not very popular with the *susceptors*, because during that one

week of the year, the *aleatores* did all their *navia aut capita, par impar*, and *fritullus*-shaking outside, where it was airier, and they lost a lot of business.

So, during Saturnalia, most of the *susceptors* went out of town on vacation, which shows that it can't have been such a wild time of the year, if the vice-lords didn't stick around for it.

I scumbled frantically through a few more pages, and then, to my shock, found myself back dusting the Janus icons again. A whole year shot to hell. And not one lousy little orgy anywhere.

Then I tried to think: What gave me the impression that there were ever orgies in pagan Rome?

Well, I'll tell you: The movies, that's what. Not a biblical epic passes by but what you see some sexy wench giggling her way through a gauntlet of clutching emperors, while noble ladies in strapless togas romp through palaces with hot-blooded centurions on their heels.

What a letdown! All these years, Hollywood has been telling nothing but *lies* about Rome! Not *once*, in a wide-screen extravaganza, have I seen anyone shoot a pregnant cow, chase a sheep through a fire, or burn a fish. Is this *realism*, Hollywood?

But now that I know the true facts, my course of action is plain to me. There is a revival of *Quo Vadis* playing at my neighborhood theatre, and I am going down there, buying a ticket and entering to tell the audience how it has been *duped*!

Of course, I'll wait until after the orgy scenes.



The slowest gun west of
Fort Breeze
Was a French cowboy,
Marcel Chemise.
He eschewed the saloon,
Dusty streets at high
noon,
But he died of a social
disease.

—EISENBERG AND GORDON

YULETIDE CLICHES

(Continued from page 45)

Q—But a man can always use handkerchiefs.

A—Look here, son, I'm the cliché expert around here. You just ask the questions. Yes, a man can always use handkerchiefs. Also wallets, cigars and neckties.

Q—What do husbands do with the Christmas neckties their wives give them?

A—They slip 'em to the janitor first time the old lady turns her back.

Q—What can women always use as Christmas gifts?

A—Perfume and silk stockings.

Q—If you should change your mind, Arby, and give me, let us say, a combination pipe rack, alarm clock, necktie holder, nail file, razor-blade depository and radio, what would I say?

A—You would say: "Why Arby, this is **exactly** what I wanted! How did you **know**? A thousand thanks. Only yesterday I was saying how much I hoped someone would give me one of these gadgets for Christmas. My old one is about gone."

Q—Then what do **you** say?

A—I say: "I'm glad you like it. Now if it isn't the right size you can take it back and change it, you know."

Q—Do I take it back and exchange it?

A—You bet you do. You didn't want one of the dratted gadgets in the first place, and in the second place, your cousin Ed, the boys at the office, your Aunt Flora, and Sherman Billingsley have all given you one, so you have five. You exchange them all.

Q—For what?

A—For something useful.

Q—If I were to give you a combination pipe rack, alarm clock, and so on, what would you do with it?

A—Tuck it away somewhere until next Christmas and then give it to someone else, taking great care not to give it back to you by mistake.

Q—How do you wrap your parcels?

A—Securely. Then I mark them: "Not to be opened until Christmas."

Q—Is this order obeyed?

A—Only by those with superhuman self-control.

Q—What do you say to yourself after you have wrapped the gifts securely?

A—I say: "Now I wonder if I took those price tags off."

Q—Are you going to send me a Christmas greeting card?

A—No. You didn't send me one last year.

Q—But if I send you one this year?

A—Then I'll have to scurry out and get you one, or rub the name off of mine and send you that.

Q—Where will you spend Christmas?

A—In the bosom of my family.

Q—Going to trim a tree?

A—Oh, certainly. For the children, of course. I wouldn't bother with a tree if it weren't for the children.

Q—You really mean that?

A—Certainly not. I get more fun out of trimming that tree than the children do out of de-trimming it.

Q—How are you going to have your Christmas dinner?

A—With all the fixin's.

Q—Where?

A—At the festive, or groaning, board.

Q—When mama brings on the turkey, what does she say?

A—She says: "Oh dear, I'm afraid it isn't done enough." Or she may say: "Oh dear, I'm afraid I left it in too long."

Q—What does everybody eat on Christmas Day?

A—Too much. Their eyes are bigger than their stomachs.

Q—Does Junior eat too much?

A—No. Junior spoiled his appetite by eating candy.

Q—What is Junior's policy toward candy?

A—He'd eat it till it came out through his eyes. He has a sweet tooth.

Q—Why do you let him get away with this?

A—Oh, well, Christmas comes but once a year.

Q—And when it comes it brings good cheer, eh? How do you and mama and the youngsters feel when you hit the hay Christmas night?

A—Tired but happy.

Q—How about some New Year clichés, Mr. Arbuthnot? Have you made any resolutions?

A—Just one. A resolution not to make any resolutions.

Q—Very good, old man, very good. Tell me, what cartoon will appear in nine out of ten newspapers on December 31?

A—A cartoon of a battered old gentleman and a little boy. The old fellow has a long beard and a scythe. The tot is naked. Papa is saying to the babe: "Well, son, I hope you have better luck than I did."

Q—What atmosphere prevails on New Year's Eve?

A—An atmosphere of carnival gaiety. Carefree throngs of holiday merrymakers fill the streets.

Q—What will the carefree throngs do to the New Year?

A—They will usher it in.

Q—When?

A—At the stroke of midnight. Corks will pop. Joy will be unconfined. Glasses will clink. Everybody will join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone will kiss everyone else, whether they like it or not.

Q—These holiday revels will, I take it, continue until morning?

A—Don't say "morning." Use your imagination. Say "wee sma' hours."

Q—But when the wee sma' hours are used up and the bona fide morning has arrived, how is that described?

A—As the morning after the night before.

Q—What will the carefree throngs be saying then?

A—They will be saying, "Oh, my head!"

Q—And then they will—

A—Then they will take an aspirin.

Q—No, I mean, then they will turn over?

A—And try to go back to sleep.

Q—No, no, Arby, you don't understand what I'm driving at. They will turn over a—what?

A—Oh, I get you. A new leaf.

Q—That's what I meant. Well, Mr. Arbuthnot, I'm a thousand times obliged to you. I didn't realize there were so many Christmas clichés.

A—My boy, Merry Christmas is the noblest and kindest cliché that ever was, and if the day should come when men no longer have the heart to wish their neighbors a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, on that day the human race will have real reason to despair. I wish it to you now—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!





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